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THE ROUND TABLE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 9, 1868.

POLITICAL PARTIES AND THE SOUTH.

THE Republican party appear to have settled, with what is equivalent to unanimity, upon the nomination of General Grant for the Presidency. The fact that the General gives utterance to no political sentiments and that this has largely contributed to his selection as the candidate, indicates that there are diversities of opinion in the party with regard to its future policy which it will be difficult to reconcile. The tariff sentiments of *The Tribune* but ill agree with the free-trade ideas of *The Post*; the financial announcements of Mr. Butler and Mr. Stevens are not in accord with those of Mr. Chase and his adherents; and Mr. Greeley's characteristic enunciation of "root hog or die" to the impoverished South sends a shudder through the friends of the negro and the Freedman's Bureau.

During all the years of the war the policy of *The Tribune* and its following has been to strengthen themselves and their friends in the Western States. To this end they seized the occasion when there was no Southern representation in Congress to press forward the sectional project of the Union Pacific Railroad, a road passing through a belt of country to be occupied, in no long time, by seven or eight states, all of which it was calculated would be largely influenced, politically, by that enterprise. Although the war was costing little less than a million of dollars a day, and the finances of the country were strained to their utmost, still, with this political object in view, a loan of sixty millions was granted to this gigantic scheme of the Republican party—a scheme, that is, which was projected under a Republican administration, placed in the hands of Republican politicians to engineer, and passed by a Republican Congress with a definite political end in view in the interests of that party. If, through the agency of this great work, they could secure some seven or eight states, they would have a substantial equipoise to the political power of the South, even should it return with unchanged political predilections.

In the further prosecution of their designs at the close of the war, the party sought such aid through constitutional amendments and national legislation as would give them a chance for ascendancy in the Southern States themselves. These efforts culminated in the disfranchisement of a large portion of the white voters known to be "rebel" or conservative, and the wholesale enfranchisement of their former slaves. Even with these appliances, however, it is manifest from the recent elections that the South is held by a very uncertain tenure. The Democratic element in those states preponderates in numbers, in intelligence, and in wealth. It is embittered by the course pursued by the Republican legislation since peace was declared. Looking at the future from their own stand-point, the Democracy of the South feel that real prosperity and happiness can only be secured by the ascendancy not only of their own race in their local governments, but also of the Democratic party in the nation. They see in all the acts of Congress a determination to hold them subordinate to Republican ideas and Republican rule; a determination to give them no aid in their attempts at recuperating the prostrated energies of their region. No appropriations are favored for building levees along the Mississippi, and thus reclaiming millions of acres of plantations once highly productive but now desolated; no Southern railroad scheme is approved which is calculated to develop the slumbering wealth of vast and genial territories; no Pacific Railroad is to be aided for them, although they possess the best routes, and ask but a tithe of the loans freely granted to their Northern rival. In a word, from the Southern stand-point, the future prospect tells them only of submission to the conqueror and lasting industrial prostration.

This position of things is highly suggestive to those who expect to be heard in the Democratic National

Convention soon to assemble in New York. They should not only take for a candidate a man whose breadth of statesmanship can grasp the necessities of every portion of the country, but they should make a platform distinctly pledging the party when it gains power to give the people of the Southern States those equal aids and advantages which the North has obtained from the Federal government, and which no impartial administration, no wise one, would seek to withhold. If it was wise for the Republican party to loan sixty millions to the Union and Central Pacific roads, by which, it is claimed, government has not merely paved the way for building up seven prosperous states, but actually saved a large amount of money, it must be as wise, and moreover just, to improve the Mississippi by spending ten millions of dollars in levees and building a South Pacific road at a cost not exceeding twenty more. Such a platform will commend itself largely to the justice of every dispassionate Northern voter and to the intelligence of every voter in the South. It will have in it that consolation for the suffering and struggling population of the conquered states which material aid always brings to the needy. By contrast with the Radical "root-hog-or-die" policy, it will be most effective. It will strengthen the Democratic element in every Southern county and dissolve the Republican strength. Even the negro will understand the profit of working for those who, when asked for bread, give him bread and not a stone.

THE CHURCH OF ROME.

HISTORY, crowded as it is with extraordinary conjunctions and coincidences, tells us many things which grow familiar by repetition and lose their wonder-striking quality through long acceptance. It would seem that, to produce their legitimate effect upon our mental vision, remarkable historical facts should be placed within a certain regulated focus; not too far, because they then fade into unreality, and not too near, because they then lose all symmetry of proportion. One of the most striking things in our experience is that the present, to most observers, never seems strange. The familiarity which breeds contempt makes little of contemporaneous history. Gettysburg in a few years will look much larger than it does to-day, and so will Five Forks and the fight of Mobile Bay. In like manner a certain vast and momentous theological perturbation is now going on in Christendom, marked by many significant indications illustrated by an almost universal wave of profound depth and surging force, and which betokens results of supreme consequence to modern civilization. The surprising feature about this perturbation, or, so to speak, this electric force, with its out-rolling wave of influence, is that it springs from a source which was said to be dried up, emanates from a body which was said to be lifeless. The days of the Papacy are said to be numbered, the seat of St. Peter is called a thing of the past, the Holy Father must flee for safety, never to return, a republic is to rise again on the Seven Hills, and lo! at the self-same time, in the self-same breath, a mysterious shock is felt through the world which proves to all men that, whether for good or evil, the spirit, the elasticity, and the absolute power of the Church over the heart and imagination of mankind were never greater than at the very instant of her imputed downfall.

The Roman Catholic Church is, in our opinion, stronger to-day than it has been during the last half-century. Its vitality is shown in a hundred ways, one of the most obvious of which is the increasing approximation to its ceremonial on the part of those who ostensibly deny its authority. The riot in a great English provincial town, of which we some time ago had news, clearly indicated the jealous instincts of the working classes, who view with alarm the extension of Catholicism, because they fear that in some way authority will interpose between themselves and those popular rights which they have been taught to believe they have a claim to enjoy and were shortly to attain; it has indeed lately been suggested by an able thinker that the Church of Rome is destined to a new and magnificent era of power and ascendancy through her coming alliance with republicanism; but far-reaching ideas like this, especially when draped in a garb of paradox, take time to penetrate the masses

and are naturally at first regarded with suspicion. The suggestion is one which opens the door to a world of speculation and conjecture, and perhaps in the whole range of modern thought there is no conception more pregnant and comprehensive, more intensely interesting to the whole civilized world. If we glance around us at the current literature of the day, we are immediately struck by the temperateness with which the secular press deals with cognate questions which, even twenty years ago, would have evoked in their discussion bitter prejudice and angry animadversion. Such an article as that in *The Atlantic Monthly* for May could not safely have been printed in Boston twenty years ago—at least in no Protestant columns; and would have ensured the downfall of the offending periodical if printed within five years of the destruction of the Ursuline Convent at Charlestown. Mr. Parton's articles have generally too decided an air of having been written to force discussion and so to ensure notoriety, but they are tolerably accurate indicators of what the public mind is prepared to receive, as the wares of your really expert literary merchant generally are, and in this sense the particular article referred to is very significant indeed. It shows that the savage feeling of animosity with which in this country the Church of Rome has long been regarded—partly through the hereditary Pilgrim spirit, partly through a feeling of dislike for the Irish population, who are so largely attached to that Church, and partly through miscellaneous causes—has either of itself brought about reaction or has united with other impulsions to produce it.

As is well known, we are the organ of no church and of no party, and chronicle our impressions as independent observers regardless of the favor or disfavor with which they may be received by those whose interest or conviction habitually determines their reception of matters of theological or political discussion. We are, in general, the advocates of independence of thought, believing with De Tocqueville that there is far less of it in this country than there should be; we would encourage the development of individuality, nay, even of eccentricity—of anything which has the tendency to break the dead level of uniformity and mediocrity that our institutions have the fault of being too apt to produce and perpetuate; and so far as these proclivities go, they may be reckoned perhaps as antagonistic to the ancient Church whereof we write. If such is the case, we shall be less likely to be accused of partiality in dealing with phenomena which are becoming far too conspicuous to be ignored, and which promise to have a prodigious influence upon the history and progress of the American people. The explanation of what may be termed the revival of Catholicism among us is by no means clear, and is so complex as to warn us in approaching it to do so with much diffidence and delicacy. We speak in this connection, be it understood, of human and obvious, not of supernatural and occult, influences. Are we to understand by this revival, taken together with the ritualistic movement and the general awakening of interest in religious symbolism, a weariness on the part of the American people of that unlimited license in spiritual things which has been among the chiefest of their boasts, and which has been supposed to be one of the safeguards of free institutions? Do they crave authority for the sake of rest, and are they likely to crave it in state as well as church for the same reason? Certainly we cannot blind ourselves to the force of coincidences here which they who run can read. The unlimited abuse to which the Church of Rome has been subjected in this country, especially in New England, might naturally have some reactive effect; but is this enough to have produced all the effect that we see? The activity of a zealous priesthood may do much, but none who understand the American character will credit that, with all the forces exerted against the Roman Church, the efforts of its servants alone would produce the phenomena we witness unless other and potent causes were supplementing their exertions and powerfully aiding them to bring about the result. We must look deeper and further, and even then, so far as full explanation is concerned, take much risk of disappointment. In England it is commonly assumed that the spread of infidelity, creating a general apprehension that Christianity is in danger of disappearing from the earth, is said to be doing much

toward inducing the reverent and thoughtful to return to the bosom of the ancient Church, and a like influence may be supposed to be at work among ourselves; yet such reasons, relative and general not absolute and personal, have force only with a limited class of minds, and the spread of new faiths in this country—such as spiritualism—tends to fill up, more than in England, the void that otherwise aches to be filled. Is there, after all, in the human breast a profound love of mysticism which all the teachings and provings of the scientific and realistic philosophers cannot eradicate, and which, disgusted in time by the comparatively cold and thin worship of the various Protestant forms, the spirit is irresistibly impelled at last to seek indulgence for?

Yet again: is it really possible for the Church of Rome and Democracy to go hand in hand—are they reconcilable, consistent, practically co-existent? Or is it the reaction in this country from too much Democracy which is aiding the revival of the Church? It is declared by opponents of Rome that it was always the unanswerable argument of those who opposed Catholic Emancipation in 1829, that Rome did not only represent a religion but a political system, which was inimical to all governments but her own, and incompatible with all true loyalty. We do not venture at this time to point out wherein or to what extent this assumption may be considered specious or incomplete; but, proceeding on the theory of its substantial accuracy, how are Republican Institutions in America to be affected by it in the sequel?

LONG STORIES.

EXAGGERATED brevity is perhaps one of the faults of our country and time so far as journalism is concerned, but it certainly cannot be imputed to our legislators and lawyers. The habit of touching lightly upon the news and current topics of the day is no doubt in some measure an expedient concession to the needs of a business community, and if the sententiousness of the press occasionally involves a superficiality of treatment that is the reverse of edifying, the excellence of the motive is commonly accepted as a partial excuse. People look with a tolerant eye upon writing which is prepared with manifest reference to the value both of time and intellectual effort, and the left-handed compliment to the public understanding which is implied by the rather juvenile aspect of the columns so constructed is generally either missed or forgiven. That a journalism of shreds and patches is thus encouraged, and a host of weak, silly, and undisciplined pretenders brought into the profession to lower its intellectual tone and diminish its influence, is undeniable; still, as correcting a disposition to long-windedness and paving the way to a happier system whereby soundness and condensation, wisdom and epigram, shall be united in very truth instead of in childish simulation, the shreds and patches may be tolerated for a time, if not admired. Newspapers are now so universally read that even the form in which their thoughts and departments are arranged influence as well as reflect the public mind; and it may be that men whose calling demands the thorough investigation and deliberate description of the subjects of their enquiry are led, as indeed are certain old-fashioned journalists, by obvious processes of disgusting reaction into the belief that brevity is really not the soul of wit, that tediousness must needs not constitute its limbs and outward flourishes alone, but must cover the vital spark itself; so that to be clear, or convincing, or dignified, it is necessary first and foremost to be prolix. Such reasoners would seem to be persuaded that if they only talk long enough they will get into a speech not only all they wish to say, but all that is to be said on the topic in hand; and that in the multitude of words, as well as in the multitude of counsellors, there must needs be wisdom.

The gentlemen who have been regaling us at Washington during the last few weeks seem to be largely of this persuasion. They have talked and talked, and consumed the weary hours, and burdened the newspapers with interminable columns of fine print, and engrossed the reluctant attention of the country—for surely never was great state trial so bald, pointless, and uninteresting—until now, after the lapse of many weeks, so far as convincing anybody of anything goes, they positively seem to be further from Hecuba

than ever. Undoubtedly clever things have been said and able arguments made, and two or three gentlemen will greatly enhance their reputations by the opportunity the President's trial has afforded them; we are among the last who would seek to detract from the credit or the value of these achievements; but yet we think it must be admitted that the general effect of the whole proceedings has been one of wearisome prosiness, and that the tedium has not been relieved by the consideration that any really important principles were in process of conclusive evolution, or that any possible flights of unexpected eloquence would change in the slightest degree the preconceived convictions or prejudices of the auditors. It is, of course, true that if the legal or constitutional points at issue were to be finally resolved in this trial its importance would be vastly augmented; and the absence of public anxiety is in part ascribable to the accuracy of the popular opinion respecting the matter of finality; but even in the known existence of appellate jurisdiction trials are often of absorbing interest, and that this has been so particularly the reverse is, without question, in part attributable to the unconscionably long and unprecedentedly dull speeches with which the proceedings were begun.

It is needless to say that nobody would object to these endless streams of talk if wit and brilliancy sparkled on their surface, or the flowers of genuine eloquence bloomed upon their banks. But with the exception of the efforts of Messrs. Groesbeck and Evarts—is it partial or uncandid to except these two?—no such description can with any justice apply. Oratory that is oratory is pardoned for its own sake, calls for no special excuse and does not fatigue its hearers into exhaustion. Mr. Richard Brinsley Sheridan once made a long speech after which the House of Commons, on motion, adjourned; but this was not because of weariness or ennui. If Mr. Benjamin F. Butler could deal with Andrew Johnson as Sheridan did with Warren Hastings, few we imagine would complain of his prolixity. Not but that Mr. Butler is a clever man. We have, we believe, a higher opinion of his talent than have most people who are not his political supporters; but when, like Atlas, he attempted to carry the world of this trial upon his shoulders he over-estimated his strength and did a great deal to impart to it that flat and heavy character which, were he not so conspicuous a participant, he would be among the first to be bored by. Fire makes fire, and good as were some of the speeches of the President's counsel they would probably have been much better had the managers been men of a higher intellectual rank. It may seem superfluous to observe that we are quite aware that the ostensible object of the impeachment was not that of making plausible and glittering speeches; yet as true eloquence has sometimes, on similar occasions, accompanied the soundest arguments, the curious absence of the higher imaginative qualities in most of the leading persons of this trial may be regarded as a legitimate subject for comment.

Under the circumstances it would have been better for the party ends in view, better, at all events, for the impression on the people, had the majority of the speeches so far made been materially curtailed. Like the ilex, they would have thriven much better if vigorously pruned. Regarded merely as instruments for political effect, their assurance of being widely read would have been doubled had they been only half as long. The journalists may be partly wrong with their laborious laconism, may be teaching their readers to be lazy and superficial, and probably are; but, wise or not, their teaching has led the public into intellectual habits to which long stories are directly antagonistic. A great many, to be sure, will read the trial religiously through, as a sort of sacrifice on the altar of patriotism; but they will be so intensely wearied as not to remember a tithe of what they read, while their resentment at the authors of their misery will be lasting. A button-holing on this overwhelming scale is not a thing readily to be forgiven even for national considerations; and the one-sided notion that a party rather than the country was to be served by the whole proceeding will make proselytes more readily among readers smarting with a sense of injury. Most men prefer to be deceived, cheated, anything rather than to be bored. The managers of the impeachment have made the stupendous mistake of unnecessarily and deliberately boring the entire nation.

THE COURTS OF LAW.

CCOURTS of law and systems of legal procedure are established for a practical purpose. That purpose is to protect the people against crime by punishing its perpetrators and to enable them to enforce the payment of their just claims upon their fellow-citizens, whether in fulfilment of contracts or for wrongs done. If courts fail to do this honestly and impartially the courts are themselves a failure. The judicial department of the government is a failure, just as the entire government becomes a failure whenever it ceases to give its people protection. In the speech of Daniel Webster at this city, in 1831, in which he so eloquently eulogized John Jay, he said:

"The judicial power comes home to every man. If the legislature passes incorrect or unjust general laws, its members bear the evil as well as others. Bad judicature acts on individuals. It touches every private right, every private interest, and almost every private feeling. What we possess is hardly fit to be called our own unless we feel secure in its possession; and this security, this feeling of perfect safety, cannot exist under a wicked, or even under a weak and ignorant, administration of the laws. There is no happiness, there is no liberty, there is no enjoyment of life, unless a man can say when he rises in the morning, I shall be subject to the decision of no unjust judge to-day."

This was addressed to the people of New York, and there is no spot in the whole country where these sentiments could be more important. In the commercial metropolis of the country not merely the residents themselves, but the business men of the whole country, have an interest in the impartial administration of justice. This makes the city a conspicuous object, and the manner in which its courts manage their business is universally known. If a judge is upright and learned, the public see it. If certain criminals can escape with impunity because the judge is their friend, it is idle for him to suppose that his infamous conduct is concealed. If he favors certain lawyers because of their efforts to elect him or because of personal connections with them in politics or business, that also becomes well known. If he appoints dishonest referees, or in any other way acts unjustly, it becomes notorious. His political supporters are marked, and those who are obliged to suffer for his misconduct detest the party that elected him. To a certain extent the character of the whole city suffers disgrace. A still worse result is that its dearest rights become unsafe, and corruption in judicial tribunals tends to spread into other departments of business.

The purity of judicial tribunals requires that judges should neither be political partisan nor dependent on particular politicians for their places; but even with upright and learned judges, a system of jurisprudence may still fail to accomplish its object. Delay of justice is often equivalent to denial of justice. We need at the present day greater speed in the disposition of the business of courts than was formerly necessary, because all other business has so wonderfully accelerated its speed. We reach every quarter of the commercial world in the course of a few months, and much of it in the course of a few days. Men of business turn over their capital a dozen times in the course of a year. They make a fortune; fail; compromise, and start again, and make a second fortune, in two or three years; and if a man has a thirty-day note, and the debtor knows that its collection may be delayed in a court of law for two or three years, the court of law is a failure. If a man's property is wrongfully taken, and the court cannot restore it to him in less than two or three years, the court is practically useless.

Again, a system of pleading and procedure that multiplies questions of form, and piles up volume upon volume of decisions of questions that have nothing to do with the merits of cases, but relate merely to matters of form, is a failure. The object of a plaintiff's writ, or complaint, or bill, or whatever else it may be called, is merely to enable his adversary and the court to understand the substance of his claim, and there ought to be good sense and practical sagacity enough somewhere to enable plaintiffs to frame a statement of their cases, by the aid of decent professional talent, so clearly that there shall not be much litigation about it. The same remark may be made as to a plea or answer. Counsel ought to be enabled to devote their attention almost exclusively to the merits of their cases; and parties ought not to be compelled to spend great sums of money for the mere purpose of disentangling obscure kinks in the thread of procedure. A system that enables a captious lawyer to annoy his adversary by multiplying the costs of useless motions, and running up large bills for the parties to pay, may be pro-

fitable for the captious lawyer, but it tends to degrade his profession, and is unfit for practical use by business men. It saddles litigation with such burdens that a man had better sacrifice his rights than resort to judicial tribunals to enforce them. It is, therefore, utterly unfit for an intelligent community.

There are many men in the legal profession who are ornaments of it, and rank among the most highly valued members of society. They cherish a high regard for legal science, and for the honor and reputation of the bench and the bar. They deplore whatever tends to degrade either. They would rejoice in a learned and upright judiciary, and in any system that would drive into other occupations that unworthy class of lawyers who get their living by using nets of form to catch their prey, and by all manner of chicanery. We would suggest that, while scientific men in other branches of science are combining their efforts for advancement by means of associations, the science of law and jurisprudence is greatly in need of such aid, and that the field of its research should not be narrow or illiberal, and that its aim should be to make courts of justice fit, in the highest sense, for securing the ends for which they have been instituted.

A PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE.

NEXT to the duty of convicting the present President, the necessity of choosing his successor is the difficulty that most profoundly exercises the patriotic Republican mind. For General Grant, in spite of his national services and his undoubted qualifications, in spite of his more than Ithacan deafness to the siren song of the politicians, his diplomatic faculty for imperceptibly quivering his left eyelid, and his impenetrable astuteness in talking horse, is unsatisfactory to others of his party beside General Butler and adverse Presidential candidates, the latter in themselves constituting a formidable opposition. In the first place, the temperance people, notwithstanding Mr. Olmsted's solemn assurances of a sobriety which Mr. Olmsted naturally deems conclusively proved by his failure to see any infraction, are still deplorably dubious; while even those who are aware that weak tea and water are the usual beverages of army officers hesitate to repose implicit confidence in the deduction of Mr. Osborne, or to believe that the General's only cups are those that cheer but not inebriate. Then there are the rabidly bloodthirsty Radicals who assert that Grant didn't kill rebels enough at all, and the morbidly peaceful Conservatives who contend that he killed altogether too many of the true men. There are, beside, those dreadfully exacting folk who fail to see that all the resources of statesmanship are summed up in the ability to quiver, however imperceptibly, the left, or even the right, eyelid; matched by those horribly straightforward fellows who insist that he should talk turkey instead of talking horse. Altogether there is a large and growing element in the Republican party to whom General Grant is a pill so nauseous as no palliative Vice-President can quite sugar-coat into palatableness. And this element is casting about in much bewilderment and some distress for a satisfactory standard-bearer.

There is no great scarcity of applicants for the situation, but somehow they don't seem to answer the terms of the advertisement. General Butler, for instance, is quite as willing as Barkis; but the restless malignity of his enemies has so veiled without being able to dim the natural integrity and lofty purity of his character as to make his nomination inexpedient. Mr. Stevens probably would not refuse; but then he might be promoted to a brighter throne before Congress could get a chance to impeach him, which would be clearly unconstitutional and treasonable. Mr. Greeley has been talked of by prominent and influential citizens of Chappaqua and many *Tribune* reporters, and undoubtedly his great national services in conducting the war to a triumphant and inexpensive ending entitle him to whatever recompense the office affords; but those very eccentricities of speech and manner which so charm the philosopher's rural friends must prove inconsistent with the dignity and repose once deemed essential to high official station. A President who should dismiss a troublesome ambassador with the courteous assurance that he was a liar and a thief, might involve us in unpleasant complications with the absurdly sensitive nation represented by the offensive scoundrel. Then there is Mr. Beecher, who would be most acceptable to a majority of the congregation of Plymouth Church, the editor of *The Ledger*, the people who read *Norwood*, the other inmates of

the various idiot asylums, and the rest of the Beecher family; but certain reasons of state and ignorance Congressional make it desirable to have a Chief Magistrate who would put his messages into English. Mr. Stephen H. Branch could, no doubt, be induced to accept a Republican endorsement of that independent ticket on which, for a number of years, he has been running with admirable energy and deserved success, and his recent attack of *delirium tremens* would give him, with opponents of the excise law, an undeniable advantage—perhaps—over Grant himself. Mr. Frederick Douglass would enlist all the upholders of impartial suffrage and the unlimited enthusiasm and multiplied votes of his intelligent and reliable race; Mr. Ben Wade combines strength of conviction and weakness of grammar to a degree which must be congenial to a large proportion of electors; Mr. Logan's exquisite protean performance of the *bouilliant Achille* of the *opera bouffe* of Impeachment gives him a claim on the gratitude of the country; Mr. Seward has the Alabama claims to offer; while Mr. Donnelly and Mr. Washburne, if what they say of each other be true, would make a ticket meeting every precedent which late political nominations have established. Then, again, the governors and senators of the states, the mayor of almost every city, the assemblyman of every district, the selectman, and the constable of every parish, present to at least one of their respective constituents advantages for the office which the country at large is slow to appreciate or realize. We propose to reconcile all these conflicting claims and opinions and earn the eternal gratitude of the party and the unsuccessful candidates by proposing a new and unexceptionable nomination.

It has been discovered by some wise man that one half the world knows not how the other half lives; or, we might add, that it lives at all. There is at present residing among us a gentleman, possibly, to fortune and, probably, to fame unknown, who, we are assured by a great many country papers, has all the qualifications for a first-class President. So many and so exalted are the virtues they ascribe to him that only the most unimpeachable testimony could induce us to add our voice to the swelling tide of eulogy which shall yet sweep him to the summit of loyal ambition. In a pamphlet now before us it is expressly and boldly asserted that "he has done more for the general population of the country than any other man living;" which in the lifetime of that prolific patriot, Mr. Brigham Young, is certainly extreme praise, and surely gives him a claim to the title of Father of his Country. But this is not all. We have the authority of that well-known Southern Political Economist—the same who so impartially presents to us from time to time the advantages of free trade or the necessity of protection—for saying that "in the great utilitarian resources of his mind he approximates more closely that eminent man [Lord Bacon, to wit, whose endorsement of the National Cheap Freight Steam Wheelbarrow System has previously been quoted] than any living statesman in the United States." If, according to the veracious historian, A. Ward, it was George Washington's forte not to resemble any patriot of the present day to any alarming extent, what eulogy can be too extravagant for a gentleman who is not only very like Lord Bacon, but whose likeness to Lord Bacon is more noticeable than his likeness to any living statesman in the United States? Surely we could be content to ask no other recommendation than this for the Presidency, and if it were not for the singular beauty of the style we should regard as almost superfluous the exalted strain of prophecy in which the Southern Political Economist brilliantly, though perhaps vaguely, concludes:

"The great national improvement is the first glimmering light which has pierced through the darkness that has so long hung upon our country like a funeral pall. The various schemes of political jugglers, to divert the public mind from this beneficent purpose, will truly present in their naked deformity the profitless conflicts of ambition, ruthlessly seeking for place and aggrandizement. The mildew of sectional strife, now tarnishing the public credit and delaying the expansion of the national prosperity, will disappear, like the mirage of the desert, before the pure and vigorous sunshine of enlightened statesmanship and unyielding patriotism."

We have probably quoted enough to convince the most wavering mind—at least that we have quoted enough; but surely the last lingering doubt will vanish before the sunshine of enlightened opinion furnished by *The Great Republic*, an influential Washington journal, widely circulated among its subscribers, of which, we are ashamed to say, we never before heard:

"To compare any living man with De Witt Clinton would be almost offensive to the sensibilities of the numerous admirers of that great statesman; yet the parallel holds so even between him and [our other great statesman in question], that it would be difficult to pronounce as to the superiority of the two men. Both have proved themselves Public Economists, excelling all others."

To be likened at once to Lord Bacon, and, even at the risk of offending the sensibilities of his numerous

admirers, to De Witt Clinton; to be called a Public Economist in capitals, and to have your superiority found difficult to pronounce on, is an accession of honor that few men can hope to compass. But there is more to come. That prominent, well-known, and, as its very title declares, at least two-horse paper, *The Democratic Republican*, of Hamilton, N.Y., not only tells us that he is a "Material Statesman with a genius for Internal Improvements," only surpassed by Professor Blot, but adds this defiance to perfidious Albion:

"In his powers for devising plans and measures for developing the resources of the country he has no acknowledged equal. It is no matter of hyperbole to say this, now that the public economists of this country and England are, at least by implication making the concession."

To be sure all is not milk and honey in this flattering picture. With an impartiality and candor which still more prepossesses us, we are favored with a specimen of that calumny to which every great and good man must expect to be exposed. *The Meridian* (Miss.) *Chronicle*, probably subsidized by the "railroad kings" it beslaughters with such loathsome adulation, is the most noxious adder exposed to our detestation. Observe the trail of the serpent:

"What a contrast between him and what are called 'railroad kings.' The one has been plotting and juggling and managing legislatures; after debauching public morals by maneuvering for unclean legislation. The other has [others have?] been diligently studying railway economy with reference to the greatest public advantage. The one has been in pursuit of profitable speculations and high dividends, the other[s] in the careful study of how to make the railway perform many times more work, and at the same time cheaper freights."

One or two unimportant typographical errors we have ventured to rectify, that the poisonous attack of the reptile may be more apparent. But the venom in this scurrilous assault is neutralized by its preposterous untruth; a much more insidious attempt is made in the Danaan support of two other odious secession sheets, *The Galveston News* and *The Houston Telegraph*. However, a cat may look at a king, and in a land where a ridiculous public sentimentality preserves the Great Criminal of the Age from any greater punishment than comparison to Judas Iscariot and banishment to Mr. Boutwell's chaos, there occurs to us no way to prevent a rebel from damning with faint praise the most virtuous Republican. One thing we may be sure of, as *The New York Stockholder* guardedly says—we might easily get a worse President than the man whom that pious periodical and the religious *Great Republic* and many other great and pure-minded country papers say so many nice things about and so delight to honor.

But who is he? the reader naturally asks. Who is this Material Statesman with a turn for internal improvements, this modern Lord Bacon, this other De Witt Clinton? Ah! that is the question. We know, and *The Great Republic* knows, and *The New York Stockholder*; so does *The Meridian Chronicle* and *The Galveston News*; and he knows. As for the anxious reader, why we propose it to him as a conundrum; premising only—that he may otherwise find it difficult to believe—that there is an answer. Sealed solutions may be addressed to the President of the Chicago Convention, in care of T. Stevens, Esq., Lancaster, Pa.

PERENNIAL LEAP-YEAR.

THE question of woman's rights, like most new questions, enters on the political stage with a train of hypothetical consequences which are anything but its inevitable result. It is assumed, and not merely for purposes of ridicule, that with the admission of women to the suffrage the present social relations of the sexes will be completely reversed, that the wife will drive the 'bus or command the army, lay down the law from the bench or the bricks from 'the hod, while the husband remains at home to wash the clothes, rock the cradle, and do something to the dinner which, for want of a more accurate term, we Americans call cooking it. Lastly—and some would say not least—it is taken for granted that the theory and practice of courtship will be inverted, the woman taking the offensive—no! that is too Hibernian a way of describing so pleasant an operation—the woman, let us say, becoming the popper (or, according to the fashionable style of newspaper writing, the *popperess*) and the man the poppee. Without passing any opinion on the desirableness or undesirableness of female suffrage, we do not believe that all or any of the supposed consequences would follow from it, any more than the fact that this city is governed by a Celtic colony leads all the daughters of New York merchants to marry their fathers' coachmen (of which, we believe, there is just one instance recorded in the *cronica scandalosa* of our dear Gotham), or than the establishment of negro suffrage in South Carolina will induce the quasi-aristocracy of Charleston, with their mispro-

nounced Huguenot names, to accept any of their unrecognized colored relatives as sons-in-law.

But there is one of these hypothetical changes which, in a modified form, not as a reversed but a reciprocal proceeding, has been more than once suggested and discussed quite independently of, and indeed long previous to, the woman's rights agitation. We mean a revision of the etiquette of courtship, so that a woman may "propose" to a man with the same propriety that a man now does propose to a woman. There is a certain present pertinence in the suggestion, owing to the increasing disuse of matrimony in the most cultivated regions. Whatever be the causes of this phenomenon (and it is not easy to find a theory which will apply equally to Paris, London, and Boston), the fact is that we only find it in connection with high material civilization and intellectual training. In our unreconstructed states young people go on marrying in the most reckless manner. The prospect before them is that of selling whatever family plate "Mr. Sherman" may have spared, nay, their very clothes, and supporting life on the food of their former slaves; but marry they will and do. It certainly does not seem desirable that the growth of the best portions of the best communities should be checked; and any reasonable means of encouraging marriage among their members deserves at least to be received with respectful consideration. And if we can once get over the sentimental stumbling-block in our way, there are some good reasons why such a change of amatory etiquette would be likely to increase the number of marriages. In the first place, there are many men, very good material for husbands and fathers, whom a false or excessive modesty prevents from offering themselves as matrimonial candidates. They are slightly "hypped," and fancy themselves ill or unsound when they are not. Or they may be technically unsound, yet with sufficient vitality to ensure a woman's happiness and the procreation of children with at least average constitutions. Or they may morbidly exaggerate to themselves some personal defect. Or their means are not large, and they shrink, on the one hand, from the suspicion of fortune-hunting; on the other, from the fear of lowering a wife's comfort and position. The scruples of most such men would vanish if they could be informed directly and without fear of misapprehension that a woman was willing and ready to share their destiny.

On the other hand, there are plenty of women fitted to make the best of wives, but failing to attract the attention they deserve for want of some showy quality. Beauty, for instance, in the first place; or that grace, style, *chic*, whatever you choose to call the subtle trait that adds so much to beauty where it exists, and goes so far to fill its place where it does not; or the brilliant, flashing wit that will even penetrate the skull of a fashionable waltzer. A girl may have none of these things, and yet make a better wife than three-fourths of the girls who have them. She may possess exactly that degree of intellect and education which makes her a pleasant companion for a cultivated man, without ever becoming his rival. She may be endowed with that charming faculty of conversation which, without sparkle or effect, colorless as good water, renders it a positive satisfaction to hear her talk on the most trivial subjects. Above all, she may be blessed with that sweet and equable disposition which oils the joints and pads the sharp edges of every-day life, and acts as a perpetual balm for its thousand-and-one petty troubles. But how is she to show these good qualities in general society? A young lady is beautiful; any "being erect on two legs" can see that. She has elegant manners; any one with ordinary cultivation can appreciate them. But how is her good temper to win admirers? All young ladies in society are on their best behavior; and unless a young man is a remarkable judge of character, or prematurely wise, he will scarcely take this item into the account at all. A girl of the kind we have described must rely on some fortunate accident, such as a wet week in a country house, for being thrown into close contact with a man who can understand her; then she will be snapped up at once. Otherwise, she is likely to remain a wall-flower, unless she can find some modest cousin to take pity on her, or unless she be an heiress, and then her case is even sadder in some respects, for the best men are likely to be kept off by fear of the imputation of fortune-hunting, and she can hardly view a suitor without suspicion.

But would such a girl better her prospects by being allowed to take the initiative? We think she would. The attentions of any woman not positively disagreeable flatter a man very much. When a married lady chooses to imitate Mrs. Potiphar, she rarely finds a Joseph. What now happens illegitimately would then

happen legitimately. Any original physical indifference would, in most cases, be speedily overcome by the moral titillation, especially since, owing to the general presence of certain experiences in one case which are wanting in the other, the individual personal element is less important to the man than to the woman. To be sure, the proceeding strikes most persons at first as terribly unsentimental; but that does not prove it irrational or improper, or not a logical deduction from our Anglo-Saxon principle of female liberty before marriage. To a Frenchman it seems a horrible thing that a young woman should have any voice in the selection of her husband. The *mariage de convenance*, arranged by the relations of parties who, perhaps, have never seen each other, is his theoretical perfection of matrimony. Unfortunately the facts, as is often the case with French theories, do not answer to the ideal, and French matrimonial infelicities are notorious all over the world. We have rejected this monstrous system, but are still afraid (and our English cousins even more afraid) to follow our own theory to its fair results. It is perfectly proper for our daughter or sister to fall in love with a man—at least she has every opportunity for so doing—but to tell him that she loves him would be utterly indecorous.

HYDROPHOBIA.

WITHIN a few months past those who scan current intelligence supplied by the newspapers have observed an alarming increase in the number of victims of a disorder which to most people is perhaps more terrible than any other by which poor humanity is afflicted. Experience has shown that it is by no means in the hottest weather alone—in what are known as the dog-days—that this scourge is to be expected. In autumn, in spring, in the temperate atmosphere that precedes and follows midsummer; nay, even in the depths of winter itself, there have been cases of rabies, and they have been attended by fatal consequences. The causes of the disease appear to be restricted by no climatic or topographic influences, since it has been developed in all seasons and places, by the sea-side as well as in the interior, in quiet villages as well as in crowded cities. There were lately two fatal cases in one of the hamlets of Staten Island which followed each other with startling rapidity; and we have heard of many since in Western towns as well as on the Atlantic seaboard. It is probably true that in the very hot weather the rate of casualties increases; but as they are certainly not confined to such seasons, it is plain that even comparative security is only to be gained by constant vigilance. The fact that so many cases have occurred within what we believe to have been an unprecedentedly short time argues that new safeguards should be adopted, although what these should precisely be admits of no little discussion. In the first heat of their alarm the local authorities at Staten Island published an ordinance making it unlawful for the owners of unmuzzled dogs to suffer them to run at large and permissory for any one to kill such unmuzzled animals at pleasure. We fear that this plan, however, is ineffectual in practice. Few like to take the life of a poor brute who seems harmless, and who is not to blame for being without the legal muzzle; and the danger of bad blood and possible attempts at revenge, on the part of people violently deprived of their dogs, is apt to deter those who might entertain no scruple so far as the destruction of the creatures themselves is concerned. Under these circumstances the evil is too likely to remain unabated, and, indeed, we have heard that the number of dogs going at large on Staten Island has not, in fact, been diminished by the sanguinary edict against them. The habit of keeping useless curs is very prevalent in the suburbs of New York, more so, we fear, among our German population than with any others—a circumstance somewhat remarkable when we consider that hydrophobia is said to be of more frequent occurrence in Germany than in any other country of Europe, and therefore, one might suppose, more likely to be dreaded among Germans than among people of other nationalities. Yet in neighborhoods most thickly populated with this class of our fellow-citizens, useless, yelping, and snapping curs are wretchedly numerous, and such neighborhoods are therefore highly dangerous when the mysterious causes that induce hydrophobia are at work.

Perhaps a very heavy tax imposed on the keepers of dogs might prove more effectual than any other mild preventive, but we fear the seemingly cruel expedient of destroying each and every dog running at large by regularly appointed officials with whom the task shall be obligatory instead of permissory is the only radical remedy for the growing evil. Human life is precious, and although the percentage of deaths from

hydrophobia may be small, it has certainly increased of late in a marked degree, and the fact should be borne in mind and active measures adopted accordingly. We dislike as much as men can the alarmist method of treatment on the presumed approach of physical ills, believing that such a method frequently produces serious evils unconnected with the special calamity itself. A few years ago, when an article on this very subject appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine*, we thought there was good reason to deprecate its publication on the ground thus suggested. But there is no denying that when so frightful a disorder as hydrophobia is visibly increasing in a community, it is the duty of the press to call attention to the fact, to the end that every possible alleviation or preventive may seasonably be adopted. The canine race has few stronger friends than ourselves, but the claims of humanity are stronger; and, however painful the necessity, it were better that the dogs should be slaughtered by wholesale than that the fell disease they disseminate should be suffered to augment when any possible resource may serve to check it.

COLOR.

ARTISTS and other frequenters of public exhibitions of works of art often have their patience sorely tried by hanging committees, who, however well disposed, rarely find it in their power to do otherwise than place in close proximity pictures that neutralize each other. Pictures properly conceived and modestly painted are overpowered by one made up of startling effects and an extravagant use of the primaries, red, yellow, and blue, and we know that artists frequently decline exhibiting their works through fear of having them exposed to so trying an ordeal. This constant source of complaint some years ago called forth a letter from Mr. Sidney Smirke to the president of the Royal Academy, recommending the use of a small tablet of a neutral color—something of a greenish hue—on which to rest the eye as one passes from picture to picture.

The advantage of such a course must be obvious to every one who has given the least attention to the subject of color. The eye, we know, retains a vivid impression of the last color on which it rested. If any one doubts this he has hardly to move from his chair to be convinced of its correctness. Many painters who have occasion to introduce drapery into their pictures show a strong partiality for red, from bright vermilion down through all its modifications to dark maroon. Let one gaze on a picture in which the stronger shades of red predominate, and it will be impossible for him to appreciate a low-toned landscape hung next to it. However charmingly painted, so long as it remained by the side of its gaudy neighbor it would lack vitality, and to the spectator everything would appear wanting but form. If, however, he were to rest his eye on the neutral tablet as he turned from the warm picture, the spell would at once be broken, and he could then enjoy the next work of art, however different in style. This was well known to us from experience gained long before we saw Mr. Smirke's letter, and we would modestly suggest to the executive committees of our public exhibitions of works of art to have the catalogues bound with a cover of a neutral color, which would answer the same purpose, and when the public fully understands its use it will be grateful to them for it.

This matter of color has yet to be treated in a way that will at once interest and instruct the reader, for it is out of the question to suppose that the works which have been published on this subject can ever be popular with the public. Coutier wrote an elaborate treatise on the application of color to dress, which was at once translated in England and brought out minus the colored diagrams. It has also been republished in this country, with the same omissions. This is the play of "Hamlet" with the character of the Prince omitted, with a vengeance. Hay, a Scotchman, published an illustrated treatise on color more than twenty years ago; but this work is chiefly devoted to interior decorations. Hay, when a young man, showed a taste for art and endeavored to improve his hand and mind. He went to Sir Walter Scott for advice, taking with him a specimen of his work. Sir Walter saw something of merit both in the lad and his picture, and honestly advised him to forego the pleasures and the difficulties that would necessarily beset the path of an unknown and poor student in his struggles for fame and a living, and turn his attention to the sadly-neglected department of house-painting, in which he might earn a comfortable living, and at the same time, by dint of hard study, give a higher position to his occupation, improve the public mind, and gain an honorable name.

Hay had the good sense to see the justness of Sir Walter's remarks, abandoned the idea of becoming an artist, and, after years of labor, handsomely rewarded, he brought out the above-named book—a work of the greatest value to the decorator.

What is wanted is a book on color written in a pleasing style, free from technicalities, and profusely embellished with diagrams of good, bad, and indifferent combinations of color; so explained and made clear that any lady may turn to it certain of obtaining good advice in the choice of dresses, carpets, wall-paper, and hangings—in a word, a work that will do for color what Downing's works have done for landscape gardening and cottage architecture. But without diagrams it would accomplish nothing. There are those (and we might almost say their name is legion) who know nothing of the names of colors beyond the primaries, red, yellow, and blue, and the secondaries, orange, purple, and green, and to talk to them of the tertiaries and other combinations, without an example to illustrate the subject, would be labor in vain. But place the colors in the exact order in which they are to produce a certain effect, and there is hardly a school-girl who would not catch at the idea and remember it as long as she lives.

NEW MEMORIALS OF DANIEL WEBSTER.

SIXTEEN years have elapsed since the first publication of the *Private Life of Daniel Webster*, by Harper & Brothers here, and by Longman & Co. of London; and we are pleased to learn that a new and greatly enlarged edition is now ready for the press. Much of the fresh material is particularly interesting, and as a specimen of it we are permitted to print a chapter of correspondence from the pen of Edward Everett, which we premise with an extract from the new preface to the volume in question: "One fact connected with this volume, which has never been made public, may have a tendency to increase the interest in it; and there can be no harm, it appears to the writer, in mentioning it in this place. Though published after his death, the original manuscript, while yet incomplete, was submitted to Mr. Webster in Washington, and, after certain alterations had been suggested and adopted, met with his entire approval. The compilation of incidents was begun many months before the author became Mr. Webster's secretary, and the latter was continually cognizant of the manner in which the labor of love was progressing. Even the motto of the book was sanctioned, and an edition, entitled *Personal Memorials*, intended for private circulation alone, was issued previous to Mr. Webster's death, and many copies presented by him to his friends. That limited edition, moreover, had the benefit of some suggestions and corrections furnished by the Hon. Edward Everett, and though printed in Washington, was subsequently published by Lippincott, Grambo & Co., in Philadelphia. But before that embryo volume was sent to press, it was read aloud to Mr. Webster, in his own house, and some of the passages which carried his thoughts back to his boyhood's home—to dear friends long since dead—caused him to shed affectionate and regretful tears. A few incidents that had been collected were entirely expunged, others were corrected, and some of them were written out with his own hand. Thus was it with this book when it was first prepared, and the author cannot but hope and believe that the present more complete memorial of Mr. Webster's home life and household words will be received with approbation. With a view of corroborating the foregoing statements, as well as others in the body of the volume, the author would refer his readers to the concluding chapter, entitled *Letters from Edward Everett*:"

Letter to Charles Lanman.

Cambridge, 29th Sept., 1851.

DEAR SIR: Mr. Webster has sent me your letter of the 25th, kindly proposing to furnish a sketch of his birth-place, to be engraved for the new edition of his works. I should think such an illustration would form a very pleasing addition to the interest of the work; and if you will have the goodness to forward the drawing to me, I will immediately propose to Messrs. Little & Brown to have it engraved. I am, dear sir, very truly yours,

EDWARD EVERETT.

To the same.

Cambridge, 4th Nov., 1851.

DEAR SIR: I ought long since to have acknowledged the receipt of the interesting drawing of Mr. Webster's birth-place. It was immediately placed in the hands of the engraver, and will adorn one of the volumes of the new edition of his works. I remain, dear sir, very truly yours,

EDWARD EVERETT.

In view of the foregoing, and of the letter from Mr. Webster to Mr. Everett, about to follow, a brief statement must here be made. The engraving alluded to did not make its appearance in Mr. Webster's works, but in the place of it the view of a farm-house adjoining the birth-place. The genuine picture was published in the *Private Life*, and also in Putnam's *Homes of American Statesmen*, and when the original drawing was made, Mr. Webster sat by the side of the author and sanctioned it on the spot. Shortly afterward the house was demolished. When the farm-house view made its appearance, as the writer happens to know, Mr. Webster pronounced it a "miserable mistake."

Mr. Webster to Mr. Everett.

Marshfield, October 8, 1851.

MY DEAR SIR: The house delineated in Mr. Lanman's sketch is the very house in which I was born. Some of my older brothers and sisters were born in the first house erected by my father, which was a log cabin. Before my birth he had become able to build a small frame house, which some persons now living will remember, and which is accurately depicted by Mr. Lanman. This house, in its turn, gave way to a much larger one, which now stands on the spot, and which was built by those who purchased the property of my father. I have recently repurchased the spot. I will look for Mr. Marston's note, but I thought you had it. I will revise the several dedications and enclose them by this mail or the next.

Yours always truly,

DANIEL WEBSTER.

Hon. Edward Everett to Mr. Lanman.

Boston, 21st December, 1851.

DEAR SIR: I have yours of the 19th with a copy of the *Personal Memorials* of Mr. Webster. I have had time to glance only at a few pages of it, but they are enough to satisfy me that it will not only be read with great interest by Mr. Webster's personal friends, but render good service in promoting his political interests. I think very favorably of your suggestion as to appending Mr. Choate's late speech to a new edition of your memorials.

I am very glad you found the anecdote I sent you worthy your collection. I thought it very interesting.

I will look at such of Mr. Webster's letters as I have preserved, and if I find one which I think can be published with propriety and advantage, you shall have it. This, however, is not very likely to be the case; inasmuch as the very circumstances which give interest to such letters render them also confidential.

I enclose you a cutting from a newspaper which states some things a little more fully than I have seen them before; although others are given inaccurately.

The name of the historian of Norway, at the bottom of page 34 of your pamphlet, should be Pontoppidan. There is a little over-statement in that anecdote. Page 37th, line 7th, "diplomatic corps" would look better if printed *corps diplomatique*. As both the words are French, they would look better arranged in French order and printed in italics.

There was a dinner given at Salem to Mr. Webster in 1834. In a toast at that dinner this sentiment was given in addition to his name, "The highest honors of the Constitution to its ablest defender." I believe that this is the first occasion on which such an allusion was distinctly made.

Yours, dear sir, very truly,

EDWARD EVERETT.

P.S.—Page 35, in the anecdote relative to the Washington medals, line 7th, there is a proper name spelt wrong. I enclose a scrap giving an extract from some speech of Mr. Rantoul. I suppose it is from his recent eulogy on Judge Woodbury; I do not know whether it is accurately given.

To the same.

Boston, Dec. 26, 1851.

DEAR SIR: I enclose you a printed article by Hon. Charles Miner, formerly M.C., a very ingenious, excellent person, author of a *History of Wyoming*. The article contains one or two personal anecdotes of Mr. Webster.

In preparing a new edition of the *Personal Memorials*, there is a slight inaccuracy on page 13th which might be corrected, viz.: "In addition to the Latin classics, he studied with interest both Cicero and Virgil," etc. In the next paragraph, I suppose Mr. Webster had the diploma in common with all his class. Page 9, Mr. Abbot will point out to you a slight inaccuracy in your reference to Mr. Buckminster. Page 23, the article in *The North American Review* was written by Mr. Ticknor. Page 26, Mr. Otis might be named among the eminent lawyers of the Boston bar.

What I said in my former letter about the sea-serpent might embarrass you, without further explanation. I think the naturalists of Boston could not have pronounced the small serpent alluded to, and called by them *Scaliphis*, to be exactly corresponding with that described in Bishop Pontoppidan's work, which is a terrific monster, rising up from the sea nearly as high as the mast. You might say "a miniature resemblance."

Page 47, Tautaug is misprinted Taubang. Captain Crocker transmitted from Buzzard's Bay to Massachusetts Bay a large number of these fish, a subscription having been raised by gentlemen of Boston to defray the expense. This is the origin of the black-fish in Massachusetts Bay. I had this from Captain Crocker at New Bedford in 1836. I remain, dear sir, very truly yours,

EDWARD EVERETT.

To the same.

Boston, 30th October, 1852.

DEAR SIR: I have yours of yesterday. The only letter of Mr. Webster on which I can lay my hand in time to forward you, as you request, by return of mail, is a very short one which you copied, I presume, last summer. Having myself quoted a part of it in a speech in Faneuil Hall last Wednesday, there is the less impropriety in sending the rest; although I wish I could send you one in which there is no allusion to myself. Most of the letters which I receive from Mr. Webster are of too confidential a nature to be published for a long time. I remain, with much regard, yours,

EDWARD EVERETT.

P.S.—I have a letter from Mr. Webster in which you are spoken of, which I will send you if it can be got at in season. The letter of the 21st of July was in answer to an invitation to attend the dinner of the Alumni at Cambridge.

The enclosure.

Boston, July 21, 1852.

MY DEAR SIR: I go to Nahant this morning, and if that of to-morrow shall open with the same prospect of a burning day as this has done, I shall remain in the Swallows' Cave, or other shelves of the rocks. But if the weather be cooler, I shall hope to be with you at dinner in Cambridge. It will be delightful to me to meet so many as will be there, not yet starred in the catalogue, and to recollect others who are.

But a main pleasure, my dear sir, will be to hear you, to whose voice I have not listened, either in the public assembly or at the head of the table, for a very long time. We now and then see stretching across the heavens a long streak of clear, blue, cerulean sky, without cloud or mist or haze. And such appears to me our acquaintance, from the time when I heard you for a week recite your lessons in the little school-house in Short Street to the date hereof.

Yours always truly,

DANIEL WEBSTER.

The above was intended for the first edition of the *Private Life*, but was omitted out of regard for the opinion which Mr. Everett subsequently expressed, that "it would be out of taste" for him to permit its publication at that time. There were other reasons also, which soon afterward transpired, calculated to keep back from the printer certain other letters, already

in the possession of the author, and the two following letters from Mr. Everett, touching their disposition are not without interest:

To Mr. Lanman.

Boston, 2d November, 1852.

DEAR SIR: I heard yesterday, what I did not know before, that I was named in Mr. Webster's will as his literary executor.

This has led me to reflect seriously upon the subject of the publication of his letters. They will form the most interesting and valuable part of his unpublished writings. If judiciously collected and edited, they will add, if possible, to his fame; and they will have a great pecuniary value for his family. It is highly desirable, therefore, that they should not be published in detail, but that they should be returned to the family for the purpose of publication *en masse*. Your example, from your known connection with Mr. Webster, and attachment to his person and memory, will be apt to give encouragement to others, who have his letters in their possession, to send them to the press. Would it not be better for you to withhold them? Legally, I believe, the property of letters is in the writer, except for the purposes for which they were written. I do not throw out this last suggestion with a view to influence you, as I know you will give all due heed to the other views of the subject. When I wrote to you last Saturday, it was in the haste of the moment, without time for reflection (as you wished an answer by return of mail), and without knowing that Mr. Webster had imposed upon me any duty in reference to his literary remains. I am, dear sir, very truly yours,

EDWARD EVERETT.

To the same.

Department of State, 8th Nov., 1852.

DEAR SIR: I have your note of this morning with fourteen letters of Mr. Webster's, which I shall lose no time in transmitting to my associates in Boston. I shall be happy, when it is convenient to you, to receive the other letters to which you allude. Yours, dear sir, very truly,

EDWARD EVERETT.

A letter which the writer happens to have in his possession, written by Mr. Everett to Mr. Webster, gives us such a pleasing insight into the editorial labors of the former that no apology is needed for preserving it in this place:

Cambridge, 25th August, 1851.

DEAR SIR: I received yours of the 23d yesterday, and was much relieved by it. I should not only have been very sorry to omit the tariff speech in question, but should have been perplexed from not knowing the principle of exclusion. I enclose you the list of speeches to go with the fifth volume, as drawn out by Mr. Abbot. The pencil marks record what he understood you to say when he read the list to you. He may have read it to you at a moment of uneasiness or preoccupation. The indications of the subjects of the speeches may sometimes be too brief to recall them distinctly to your memory. You can, if you please, run it over, and mark with your pencil what is to be inserted or what omitted. If you do not recollect sufficiently to decide, I will do my best. I ought to have the paper back, if possible, by return of mail.

I sincerely hope that your native air and comparative repose will protect you from your unwelcome annual visitant. It is not without compunction that I invade your retreat. I would not with any business which could be done by any one else.

Yours ever sincerely,

EDWARD EVERETT.

P.S.—Mr. Abbot gave me to understand that in the speech in vindication of the treaty of Washington, you wished Mr. C. J. Ingersoll to be let off more gently than he is in the speech as delivered by you. It is not very easy to make a trip-hammer strike a little more softly, but I will do what I can.

With regard to the great mass of letters addressed by Mr. Webster to Mr. Everett, it may here be stated that the largest proportion of them are to be found in the *Private Correspondence* of the former, published in 1857. And now, by way of showing how Mr. Everett never omitted to do a kind action when in his power, and more especially when it was in any way connected with Mr. Webster, the following note is appended and will conclude the present chapter. It should be stated, by way of explanation, that when Mr. Everett was Secretary of State the writer had charge of the Copyright Bureau in that department; that there was a messenger in the same department who had been devotedly attached to Mr. Webster; that he was eminently qualified to perform the duties of a copying clerk, and was exceedingly anxious for promotion; and when the writer set forth these facts in a note to Mr. Everett, in connection with an existing vacancy, the following was his reply:

Department of State, 3d December, 1852.

DEAR SIR: I was very happy to comply with your recommendation in the appointment of Mr. Bartle. I had already given the place to a nephew, who is on his way to Washington, as I was desirous of having a relative near me whom I could occasionally employ in matters of personal confidence. But as soon as I heard that Mr. Bartle had earned the place by faithful service in a subordinate capacity, I determined he should have it.

I remain very truly yours,

EDWARD EVERETT.

THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

CONCLUDING NOTICE.

ONE of the prominent objects in the North Room is Mr. Constant Mayer's "Religious Meditation," No. 150, a half-length woman in a heavy oval frame. On her knee is a large illuminated missal, in which she is apparently absorbed, as she leans her head upon her hands. It is more a study of color than of character. The red hair, and the brown, green, and yellow tints of the dress are repeated more or less on the illustrated pages, and not without a striking and agreeable effect. The oval form is a drawback, as is an offensive knob of the chair-arm which solicits your regard; nevertheless you recognize at once an unconventional artist. The same may be said, in a measure, of a lady's "Portrait," No. 161, also by Mr. Mayer, and also similarly framed with disregard to taste and fitness, but luminous and

instinct with expression, if the flesh-tints be not over-truthful.—In the course of our last week's remarks we wished that an interdiction could be laid upon the Indian summer; when the censor has absolute power we shall beg, furthermore, that rocky sea-coasts, treated in the regular Academic style, may be forbidden for a while. Here in No. 151, "Scene on the Isles of Shoals," we have it again; the foreground of grey stone, the foam lightly churning on the shore, a few waves jumping bolt upright so that their transparent and tender green hue may be depicted, behind them the deep mass of water, all done to order, and with more or less skill. Mr. Hazeltine, if we remember aright, introduced this fashion, and won by it the prompt applause and ready patronage of the public. But Mr. Hazeltine has too many imitators now, especially when, like Mr. R. Swain Gifford in this instance, they do not copy his briskness and dash.—No. 159, "October on the Hudson," by Mr. Cranch, is a bold sketch that pleases us more than his oft-repeated Venetian souvenirs were wont to do.—Mr. Casilear shows a pleasant tenderness of touch in No. 160, "Lake Champlain, Camel's Hump in the distance." Fortunately it is the hump, and not the camel, for Mr. Casilear has a strange inability to add cubits to the stature of his mountains.—They who like snow-pieces, with matter-of-course pine-branches sustaining their blanched burden, will be arrested by Mr. W. T. Richards's "Winter," No. 186, small but meritorious in its way.—Those who take more delight in a sparkling young damsel, radiant in the glory of long curls and white muslin, cannot fail to do homage to a "Portrait" by Mr. G. A. Baker, No. 167.—There is something here for all fancies; and thus amateurs who affect landscape in its ordinary garb will do well to study the essential difference between No. 173, and No. 174 which hangs immediately over it. The former, by Mr. Sonntag, is "A Study from Nature in New Hampshire," small but dashing and effective, a mere memorandum, as it were, but jotted down with a free and cunning hand. The latter, by Mr. Alfred Ordway, is labored and finished, and specially to be commended for its careful gradation of distances. The green color, which is too uniform, savors perhaps too much of the French school; but the composition is happy, and the general treatment speaks of what is too rare within these walls—a conscientious and painstaking artist.

Mr. Beard, the animal painter, comes out well in an oblong pair of pictures, Nos. 176 and 187, called respectively "Evening on the Prairie" and "Morning on the Prairie." These are neither caricatures nor allegories; merely close observances of nature, and imbued with such quaintness only as pertains to the subjects themselves. The plain is peopled with gigantic cranes or birds of that long-legged and gawky genus, weird in form and grotesque in attitude, as at sunset they settle themselves to roost and at sunrise prepare to take wing. There is in both compositions just that infusion of sentiment, so to speak, that is utterly wanting in the famous fac-similes of the late Mr. Audubon, the presence of which constitutes the difference between an artist and a copyist. Mr. Beard has greatly improved; he should, however, give more variety to his textures; a bit of advice easily given, but perhaps not so easy to follow.—A good, solid "Portrait" is No. 179, by Mr. A. H. Ritchie, though a pen held upright between finger and thumb gives as uneasy a sensation upon canvas as does a horse's leg upheld in mid-air detract from many an equestrian statue.—"Mr. John E. Williams," in No. 181, literally gleams under the brilliant manipulation of Mr. Elliott, as though capable of paying off the national debt. Yet how could a financier, were he the ablest of his craft, sign a bill or a bond with hands so grubby and unfinished? Better they were left out than slurred in this way.—We have spoken already of the sea as Academically rendered. Mr. Kensett, in his "Indian Rocks, Narragansett," No. 184, gives us a variation. His waves are not green; they are blue. There is herein a fine sense of movement; you can almost imagine the under-tow; but is water thus blue so near the shore, unless the shore be that of the Mediterranean?—Neither blue nor green is it in Mr. Shattuck's "Afternoon on the Hudson, near Tarrytown," No. 194. It is golden all over; and the sunny effect is joyous and unexaggerated.—Mr. Whittredge in No. 204, "Woods of Ashokan," makes much of those two important qualities wherein he excels; we mean the effect of space and air. For the rest, we have seen better pictures by him than this large, upright landscape, with its huge tree fallen across a stream that reflects the light, and its Indian incongruously running along the bank. Figures in a quiet landscape ought to tally with the prevalent repose.—A charming female

"Portrait" is that by Alexander Cabanel, of Paris, No. 206, so freely and yet so carefully set upon a dark background. The hue may be a trifle muddy, especially in the neck and in the portion of one hand that is visible; still the head, unlike French female portraits generally, is that of a well-bred woman, and instinct, at the same time, with life.—Over this, by some hideous caprice of the hanging committee, peers out from his kennel, with lolling tongue, the half-length of a butcherly bull-dog, by Mr. W. P. W. Dana, numbered 207, and called, forsooth, "The Guardian Angel." This offensive juxtaposition might suit a comic weekly newspaper; one would hardly have expected it from the managers of a school of art.—Not stamped with refinement like the Cabanel just named, but no less a living semblance, is the "Mother and Child," No. 212, by A. Merle, the European painter whose works, we are glad to say, are not unknown or unappreciated here. This picture, of cabinet size, is an admirable one; and though prudish wearers of low-necked dresses might possibly object to it as not over-delicate, inasmuch as the woman is fulfilling the sweetest function of maternity, it is none the less a delicious bit of art. The entire abandon of the sprawling and happy babe, and the nursing mother's heart's content, could not be more cunningly rendered; while the perfect drawing of all those intermingled hands and arms is in itself a little miracle of skill. We could name some of our Academicians who might with advantage sit before this canvas and study it an hour a day.—"Newport, looking Seaward at Sunset," by Mr. C. C. Griswold, No. 223, is unconventionally treated and shows much talent. But the foreground is too vividly green, in view of the rosy tints that fall slanting upon the elevated ground. The effect of such light above is to deepen the shadows below.—We should have said something in praise of Miss Granbery's "Currants," No. 210, had we not found better occasion to congratulate her upon her "Plums," No. 231. She shows in them a genuine feeling for color; and they are well modelled, too, and in fact altogether good.—A neat little bit, sketchy, but with good quality in it, is Mr. Ehninger's "The Village Smith," No. 232. It is an English scene, done with local characteristics and a fair knowledge of effect.—Mr. Albion H. Bicknell, in No. 241, "Going to School," promises very well as to his figures; but he has much to learn, and to unlearn, in the matter of accessories.

Taking a final glance at the room we have just gone through, we were specially struck with the gorgeousness of the frames that hem in the pictures between broad and glittering golden borders. Almost without exception, this framing business is overdone. The eye is pained by the importance given to the setting; and the works set in them are proportionately dwarfed, although artists cannot be willing to acknowledge the fact, or we should not have so many flagrant violations of taste. But the most audacious instance occurs in the Corridor, through which we make our exit. A stupendous frame in gold and polished wood makes the vulgarity and poverty of No. 1, "Rustic Gallantry," by Mr. Eaton, only the more apparent. The subject is a boy with bare legs standing in a stream and handing water in a leaf to a young girl on the bank, the latter being, in her smart and unrustic attire, the very quintessence of city snobbishness. There are poor pictures and odious frames; this takes precedence in both respects.—Nor, in fact, do we find much worth notice in the Corridor. No. 7, "Bear's Bath Fall," by Mr. Farrer, should be placed side by side with Mr. Hennessy's "Woman in Blue," yclept "Spring Time." They are birds of a feather, if it be not a bull to say so, and too contemptible for serious criticism. We are glad, however, to note in No. 120, "Columbines," by Mr. Farrer, that he can represent a flower. When he has learned to paint leaves he may turn his peculiarities to some useful account.—Mr. John Thorpe, in Nos. 95 and 118, shows two fair specimens of English water-color drawing. They are both coast scenes, one being a ship "On a Reef," in a stormy sea and sky; the other the "White Cliffs of Old England," with sheep grazing in all stillness and serenity.—Mr. C. J. Farrell's "Miniatures," No. 125, three in number, merit a look; as does Mr. Magrath's "Evangeline," No. 135, and No. 142, "Spanish Grapes," by Mr. G. H. Hall.—In the way of oil there is not much else save a good male "Portrait," No. 48, by Mr. Gerhard; and "The Ruin," No. 66, by Mr. McEntee. The latter is made up of very simple material, but is rife with sentiment. A bald and houseless chimney stands up forlorn in a wintry field covered with snow, while half the disc of a "cold and pitiless moon" is coming up behind the ruin.—Mr. Oertel contributes a large chalk drawing, crowded with figures; angelic, prophetic, and simply human. It

is No. 9. The subject is somewhat incomprehensible, at least by the casual glancer. It is defined in the catalogue as "The Dispensations of Promise and the Law: Sin, Prophecy, and Typical Sacrifice." There is much that is powerful in it; but we hope that an artist who can draw so well will think twice ere he carries out his announced intention of painting four large pictures in this style. It would be labor lost in these days.—Finally, among the very best things in the exhibition is a small cluster of etchings and pen-and-ink drawings. Most masterly are those by Mr. Whistler—"Views on the Thames," Nos. 28, 39, 40, and 41. Two by Mr. Cranch, Nos. 31, "Pines on Shawangunk Lake," and 36, "Lake Scene," are also excellent. Mr. R. Swain Gifford is also good in No. 32, "Canadian Fishing Boats."

Thus we trust we have established that the Forty-third Annual Exhibition deserves to be viewed with attention. If there be not much in it that catches the careless eye, there is abundant material for study, and some fair opportunity for enjoyment.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

NEWTON'S CENTRIFUGAL FORCE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: Mr. T. A. Burke has a "proposition" somewhat different from that offered, under the above heading, in your issue of February 29. His is to the effect that a cannon ball, fired horizontally—that is, in a right line at right angles with a plumb line—at any distance above the earth's surface, will strike *not* that surface itself, but a *horizontal plane*, tangent to a point upon the surface directly below the gun's mouth, at the instant at which it would have struck the surface if it had fallen straight. Does the proposer mean for me to take his statement as one of a fact which has been proved by experiment; or is it simply a new in place of the old assumption? In either case, it is a part of his work to explain just how the ball departs *at all* from the "horizontal plane," taken in the very opening of its course, while its velocity, therefore its projectile force, is at maximum. It appears to me the legitimate conclusion from the idea broached would be that, supposing the cannon's distance above the surface to be sixteen feet, its projectile, after having gone a mile, would be distant the eight inches named, with the whole original sixteen feet added. If not, can Mr. Burke tell exactly how not? I await his answer before offering any further suggestion upon the matter in issue.

Now I will take up again the proof, started in No. 165 of *The Round Table*, that the Newtonian balancing of centrifugal and centripetal forces ends in turning the solar system "upside down."

The residence of Mercury's projectile force—equal to one-half of his gravity—prevented him, in that last dizzying leap, from keeping in a right line to the centre of the sun; so that he did not come in contact with him, but passed him at the distance of seven million miles. His gravity was sufficient, as we saw, to carry him not only to the centre of the system, but ten million miles beyond—that is, ten million miles *up the other side* of this centre. When this distance was reached, his impetus obtained by falling was lost, and he fell back, passing the sun at the distance of seven million miles upon the side opposite the one passed before, and rising again, by the new impetus gained, ten million miles above the system's centre. Thus he was brought into a new orbit different altogether from his original one—twenty million miles in length and fourteen million miles in breadth. Through this new orbit he revolves—rather, oscillates—once in ten days, being at the rate of 210,000 miles per hour. Juno's excess of gravity, at her final descent, was so great as to send her 145 million miles above the centre of the system; and the remains of her projectile force were sufficient to bear her off 67 million miles one side of the centre; so that the longer diameter of her new orbit is 290 million miles and the shortest diameter 134 million miles. Through this new orbit she oscillates once in 400 days, at the rate of 66,000 miles per hour. I will not occupy space in fixing the positions, periods, and velocities of the other members of the system. Suffice it to say that Venus, owing to the small eccentricity of her orbit, situates herself nearest the centre; that her period is the shortest, being not longer than one-fifth of a day; and that her velocity is the greatest, being not less than 900,000 miles per hour.

And how has old father Sol stood affected during all this tumbling and jumbling of the subjects? Let us find how.

The attraction between the sun and a planet is claimed to be mutual, each influencing the other according to their comparative quantities of matter—the planet is deflected a certain distance from its line by the sun, and the sun is deflected from his point by the planet, his deflection being to that of the planet as the planet's weight is to his weight. What are the weights of the several planets compared with the weight of the sun? The theory has estimated them, but not correctly; for it makes no account of the sun's want of aid in moving back to his point after he has been drawn from it—he has nothing, other than his inert mass, to assist him; while the planets have their degrees of projectile force, in addition to their masses, to rely upon. The force of each is assumed to be equal to its force of gravity. So that, in calculating the distance through which the sun is drawn by

any planet, it is necessary to divide his weight, as estimated by the planet's projectile force—that is, to extract the square root of this relative weight. Then, the deflecting power of Mercury is to that of the sun not as one is to two millions, but as 1 is to about 1,400; and as he has been drawn by the sun 37 million miles from his place, so he must have drawn the sun 26,000 miles from his place. To sum up, the distance through which the sun has been forced by all the planets is about 63½ million miles. Now, carrying our rule back to the commencement of planetary existence, and applying it there, we give the sun, as well as the planets, an orbit and a velocity through it—thus: when the planets went off, all at once, but with different velocities, from "the finger of Deity," they drew, by their united attractions, the sun after them to the distance, in round numbers, of two million miles. Receiving thus a motion in a direction, the sun would have taken for himself the velocity and the curve of that planet whose velocity was greatest, even although its gravitating influence, unaided, might be less than that of any other one. This planet was Mercury, whose velocity was 110,000 miles per hour, and whose curve was such as to give his orbit an eccentricity equal to one-tenth of its diameter. So the sun, before the falling inward of the planets, revolved at the rate of 110,000 miles per hour, in an orbit having an average diameter of four million miles, and an eccentricity equal to one-tenth of this diameter. This is the eccentricity of his new orbit; for it would not be altered materially in the sun's passage outward by the planets. Then the average diameter of the present orbit is about 130 million miles, very nearly that of the one left by Venus; and the sun's velocity through it is 600,000 miles per hour, having increased in proportion to the square root of the increase of the orbit's semi-diameter.

Thus, by the balancing aforesaid, the sun and Venus would change positions—thus the monarch grand and grave and grey would be pulled from his "dazzling throne," to give place to the meekest-mannered maiden of his court.

Can Mr. Burke, or any fellow—"believer in the Newtonian theory," bring to bear any potent pry upon any firm fulcrum, so as to *right up the system?* H. B. W.

MARCH 25, 1868.

MODERN SPIRITUALISM.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: Your Maine-iac correspondent "G. W. E." amuses me. But then there are so many other writers for the public press—daily, weekly, and monthly—whose lucubrations are equally diverting—Mr. E. S. Gould's among them—that that circumstance in itself can scarcely be called singular or anomalous. He comes "in such a questionable shape," keeping himself so befogged in a haze of doubt and uncertainty, mixing up the opinions of three or four different writers, agreeing and disagreeing with them all—begging not to be considered "guilty" of believing in a doctrine of which he assumes the championship—that I know neither where he is nor where he wishes to be thought to be. "Perhaps Dr. Cragin reckons himself champion enough," he wittily remarks, "to defend his apology for an argument, embraced in that of *Putnam's* writer."

I have to say that I *guess* he does, and that he has to congratulate himself, at the same time, on the fact that "*Putnam's* writer," whoever he is, agrees with him in his views on spiritualism, and none the less so that "*Putnam's* writer" wrote, as "G. W. E." informs us, fourteen years ago.

But let us begin at the beginning. I quote from the second paragraph of "G. W. E.'s" article:

"The communication of the doctor intimates a desire to express a few thoughts on spiritualism of a somewhat different strain from the general tenor of the discourse on this prolific topic. Here is an implied promise of an argument which never anybody has been so fortunate as to hit upon before, and which shall settle the naughty creature taken in hand beyond fear of upstarting for ever again. Well, what is this new and unanswerable argument? There is nothing deserving the name in the whole communication, a full column in length, save that which is contained in the following three quarters of a dozen of lines."

Then, sir, has "G. W. E." attempted to show that there was not argument enough left in these remaining "three quarters of a dozen of lines" to knock the "theory of spiritualism" into the middle of next week—to use an Atticism—or into the land of the "Rochester rappers," or, to quote a "dead language" which, like the spirits, still lives, *ad locum Umbrarum, Somni Noctisque sopora?*

Seriously, was there ever anything so ridiculous as "G. W. E.'s" inference about the "implied promise" mentioned above? It is too absurd to require the waste upon it of another syllable.

Although I did not attempt so quixotic a feat as to endeavor to prove a negative, yet I maintain that the entire "column" of my communication was a legitimate, logical argument—an argument to show that those pretended phenomena of so-called spiritualism could all be accounted for on natural (fool) principles, and that they were, in fact, nothing more nor less than sheer jugglery.

But "G. W. E." does not wish to be thought "guilty of believing in the theory of spiritualists." Oh! then it is only a "theory," after all? That being so, what becomes of all of his wonderful facts, upon which it is pretended "modern spiritualism" has been founded? Where are they?

"Gentle shepherd, tell us where!"

"G. W. E." next quotes a long paragraph from a "Methodist review," which, he says, "is the very best thing, every way, which he has seen on the subject." On looking into it, I find that what is not absolute nonsense is made up of the usual commonplace arguments in proof of the immortality of the soul—all well enough in its way; but, unfortun-

nately for "G. W. E.," it has nothing in the world to do with the subject under consideration, any more than the following sentence which "G. W. E." adds to the quotation: "Adored for evermore be our true Heavenly Father, in that He has taught us to shut our eyes when we bow down before Him in prayer."

(Our Saviour directs us when we pray to go into the closet and shut the door; I do not remember any instructions about "shutting our eyes.")

But though "G. W. E." is "inclined to adopt the religion" of the Methodist reviewer, he is not so confident on other points; he thinks him a little shaky on the "manifestations," the language of the reviewer leaving it doubtful, according to "G. W. E.," whether he believes them "spiritual," "material," or really no manifestations at all, but only "sensual illusions of those who tell [fibs] of having witnessed them!"

"G. W. E.," however, thinks he can "convict" him of believing them to be miracles out and out.

I am inclined to think they are, too; miracles of impudence on the one hand, and of weak, credulous simplicity on the other.

There is a class of persons who seem to consider themselves ill-used in having been born of earth—who seem to feel degraded in being compelled to wear flesh and bone and to submit to the vital necessity of consuming substantial food—whose talk is ever about "yearning" for some higher and more ethereal "sphere;" but who, with all their longing for other worlds and with all their dissatisfaction with the coarse, crude things of this life, send for the doctor, I find, when they get sick, quite as promptly as their neighbors, and who are, too, just as little inclined to patronize "spiritualistic" soups or to relinquish the gross "solidarity" of roast joints for dinner.

It is this restless, prying, pragmatical disposition to peer over the moon and into the clouds for something with which to occupy their meddlesome, mischievous, fermenting brains—this everlasting running after vain shadows and "isms" more empty and unsubstantial than the shadow of shadows, that has unhinged the age and thrown our governments and society into a vortex of chaotic confusion, tyranny, suffering, and crime that would disparage the sober sagacity of the Hottentots. The sooner such people make up their minds to return to *terra firma* and to common sense, the better will it be for all concerned.

I remain, etc., etc.,

MOBILE, Ala., April 27, 1868.

J. CRAGIN.

REVIEWS.

All books designed for review in THE ROUND TABLE must be sent to this office.

DR. BETHUNE'S LIFE AND LETTERS.*

WE were led to expect when this volume was published one of the most interesting biographies with which our theological literature has yet been enriched. Dr. Bethune was well known as a scholarly and genial man; and to his confessedly great abilities there was felt to be united those social qualities which make the recollections of such a man the gladly-prized treasures of his generation. Such traditions have gathered about the memoir of Choate, and no one can read his life, all too brief as it is, without wishing to read it again, and without gathering up choice bits which are for ever fragrant in the memory. And Dr. Bethune was such another man, and ought to have such another man as Prof. Brown to write his biography. With no intentional unkindness, we must frankly say that Dr. Van Nest has made a botch of his work, and shown nothing of that delicate disposition of materials which gives such a charm to Carlyle's life of Sterling, or Dean Stanley's life of Dr. Arnold. He has lumped together his papers, putting them in chronological order, but adding bits of questionable English, or English in unquestionably bad taste, which would have made Dr. Bethune's broad, good-natured face wince terribly. We have altogether too much of this mangling and careless editing of dead men's remains; and the present biography is the worst instance which has lately come to hand. There is no discrimination between what should go in and what should be kept out, and your only hope of finding anything in the book is to hunt it up. We hope Dr. Van Nest is really better at other things than at the making of books; and we certainly should try to outlive him if he were to write our biography. Our memoirs in general are too long; they deal too much in letters which might just as well not be printed; the compilers forget that we are a busy people, and have no time to go into the petty details of transactions out of which all human interest has gone. But we should throw the mantle of charity over poor Dr. Van Nest's literary efforts, sorrowful enough that Dr. Bethune's papers got into such hands, and thankful that they did not get into worse ones; and we gladly turn to Dr. Bethune himself.

He was born in New York, March 18, 1805, and died in Florence, April 27, 1862, from a stroke of apoplexy. His father was a wealthy merchant of Huguenot descent, and his mother the daughter of the celebrated Mrs. Isabella Graham. He was brought up under the strong teachings of Scotch Presbyterianism, and his parents were both active in the religious doings of those days, and were, indeed, excellent Christian people. Much space is given by Dr. Van Nest to details in regard to their thoughts of young George, especially the records of the father's prayers and meditations recorded in his diary, which ought not to have been printed, first, because they were of an essentially private character, and, secondly, because such things are not particularly interesting. Then, again, there is a very particular account of young Bethune's conversion: the ado that was made over him, how he could not eat, how he scoffed and jeered and finally came out of the ordeal triumphant; which also ought never to have seen the light. The whole affair, though honestly gone through with by hundreds of people, is simply ridiculous when put upon paper, and tends to bring plain, practical, cheerful religion into contempt. Young Bethune had considerable religious training in his childhood, but there was a good deal of human nature in him, and he was joyously "swinging round the circle" of youthful ardors when these Calvinistic ways of entering upon a religious life were brought home to him. It speaks well for the man that his own great, generous nature rose above those teachings as life went on, and that they did not prevent his being a good, faithful, genial, cheerful but lowly disciple of Jesus Christ. To bring out these youthful and absurd experiences is the great blot of this biography.

Dr. Bethune was not a particularly good student while at Columbia College, nor did he rise above others at Princeton, where he studied theology, but he was strong in debate, distinguished for his eloquence and ease in speaking, and already gave promise of the important place which he was destined to fill. And when the seminary studies were over, he knocked about a good deal before he settled down to regular pastoral work. He was tempted in two ways as he was entering upon his career. There were influences which led him toward the Episcopal Church, and other influences leading him toward the Presbyterian body; but he finally went to neither side, and gave himself, as the result of deliberate choice, to the Dutch Reformed Church. He spent some time in the West Indies, and then had experience among sailors and in teaching the colored people of the South. He finally settled himself as the pastor of the Dutch Reformed Church at Rhinebeck, N. Y., where he became truly a pastor, and laid the foundation of his ministerial success. He adapted himself to his people and waked them into active religious life. Here he preached excellent extempore sermons. Thence he removed to Utica. He was now married, and in Utica he was successful in building up a parish and in advancing the Dutch interest throughout that section. It was the natural result of having done his work well and preached good sermons in one place that he should be ultimately invited to a larger field, and that field was Philadelphia.

Here Dr. Bethune fairly entered upon that popular career which did not cease till he was worn out. Thirty years of age, actively engaged with sermons and parish duties, yet always a student; throwing his full weight into the Colonization Society, then in its infancy, and into other societies where good platform speaking was welcome; gaining constantly a wider literary acquaintance, Dr. Bethune, as a young man, had as promising a future career as opens to most of us. The occasion of building a new church gave him an interval in which to visit Europe. It was well improved, and the artless letters which he sent home are perhaps the most interesting portions of the present volume. Returning home, he became at once a leading clergyman of the country. He began to deliver literary lectures, which were always gladly heard. He took a leading part in all general Christian work, and yet never neglected his peculiar work of preaching the Gospel. He made addresses before colleges and at anniversaries, and was gradually preparing for those masterly displays of platform oratory in which his only rival was the Rev. Dr. Bacon, of New Haven. This was one of Dr. Bethune's strong points or gifts. He knew how to master an audience, and some of his speeches, which are wisely reprinted, are useful studies in the art of making people listen to what you have to say. He had Rufus Choate's power of charming people into attention. And when, in the opening of the war, he gave his voice for the Union at a mass meeting in this city, his influence was very great. This was in the fulness of his powers.

A Memoir of the Rev. George W. Bethune, D.D.
n Nest. New York: Sheldon & Co. 1867.

Rev. A. R.

In 1855 he was invited to the charge of a new parish in Brooklyn, which he accepted, and where, with a brief interval spent in Europe, he spent the best part of the rest of his life. His success here was the same which crowned every step of his career; and it was a success which he nobly and faithfully earned by fidelity to his charge and hard work. In his last years he was connected with a parish in this city, as colleague with the author of this memoir; but his health was broken, and slowly but sadly he was compelled to give up the profession which he adorned and loved. With the certainty that death was not far off, but with the hope which follows us to the end, he embarked with his wife for Europe, and reaching Florence was overtaken with apoplexy and died suddenly, sincerely mourned by all the English-speaking people of that city, and by thousands in his native land.

It is impossible in a brief notice to do full justice to Dr. Bethune's varied gifts. He was best known perhaps in the literary world as a studious disciple of Izaak Walton. He is known in the backwoods of Maine and on the shores of the St. Lawrence as the *parson* fisherman, but he never forgot the pastor in the fishing. His public lectures, always acceptable (and we hope they will be soon published with his sermons, so that all may enjoy them in print), made his name familiar in all parts of our land; and his platform addresses marked an entirely new era in public speaking. He was also a cheerful, genial gentleman; and the members of the different social clubs to which he severally belonged all testify to the excellent qualities of the man, who was greater than even his best work. He was a wit, a punster, a poet; yet all this was held in due subordination to his work of preacher and pastor. Poorly done as this memoir is, it presents us with the means of making out the picture and personal influence of one of our truly representative men; and though we never saw him, and have only read his printed words and heard of him from afar, he rose so much above the narrow creed in which he was educated, he showed so thoroughly the whole-hearted, cheerful geniality of a true Christian, he was so earnest, so simple in his sphere, so truly great, that we gladly add our humble tribute of praise and acknowledgement to the general conviction that one of our great orators, one of our best pastors and preachers, one of our first literary men, was laid in the grave when the spirit of Bethune passed away from this earth.

A SISTER'S BYE-HOURS.*

IT is impossible to become familiar with the productions of Miss Ingelow's pen without feeling for the writer that personal admiration and love which is inspired by only one or two authors in a generation. This property her prose has, not perhaps equally with her poetry, but still to that degree that the half-dozen simply told stories before us leave an impression such as magazine fiction, however artistically elaborated, does not often effect. It may safely be pronounced the sign of a healthy state of mind and good moral condition when a writer like Jean Ingelow can for a time leave the higher walks of literature, in which her well-deserved reputation has been acquired, and devote her hours of relaxation to the improvement and amusement of the young; awakening their interests for what is good and worthy, and causing them to think, discriminate, and remember. Refinement, culture, and a truly Christian spirit pervade this whole collection of little stories, and the complete absence of anything forced or unreal and the natural way in which the little incidents are brought about give to these sketches the appearance of true life histories, from which excellent lessons may be gleaned, although the author carefully abstains from forcing them obtrusively upon her young readers. Her keen perceptions have enabled her to gain an insight into other hearts beside her own, and her gentle nature has taught her to sympathize with them. With liberal views but fixed principles, Miss Ingelow is true to the teachings of her youth; she indulges in no weak or morbid complaints of the world's hollowness or man's depravity, but writes as one in whom docility and strength are wisely blended, one who has considered deeply the great problem of life, and is satisfied of the truth of her own opinions. Although these stories are evidently intended for children, they are scarcely less inviting to the more mature reader; people like to muse on the recollections of their childhood, and especially their school-days; they recall with equal pleasure the delights and miseries of that probation-

ary period, and dwell affectionately and often regretfully on the reminiscence of those overworked and sorely tried preceptors whose teachings are scarcely appreciated until after they themselves have passed away. The story entitled *The Black Polyanthus*—one of school-day life—is calculated to awaken pleasant memories, the conversations are so truly childlike, even their seriousness is that of extreme youth, self-important and deeply impressed with the moment of events confined within the narrow limits of the school-room world, and the incidents, though few, are drawn with artistic skill and delicacy. Everything in these little narratives is said so well that we can neither compress them with advantage nor give any summary of them in our own language without injury. Laura Richmond, in the story so entitled, is by no means a model heroine, but yet a most charming character, helpful, cheerful, and lovable; when pecuniary losses occur, and the family experience serious difficulties, she comes boldly to the rescue, and gently but firmly combats her sister's objections to her taking part in the household work.

"It is quite a new invention, you know," said Laura, "to let gentlemen have nothing to do in the house; our great-grandmothers had no notion of such idleness. How often did our great-aunt Clare amuse us with descriptions of how the colonel used to come and pay his duty to her elder sister, and she, as a child, used to look on and admire his uniform and his wig? She and her friends, the member's daughters, used to iron their laces, and great-grandpapa's ruffs, out of doors in hot weather, under the great walnut trees, and the young officers used to go in and out of the house to fetch and carry the irons for them, and lounge about her ironing-board. What a beauty she must have been if she was like her portrait. And what a pretty scene it must have been—old great-aunt Delia in her quilted petticoat, and the little hat stuck on the top of her powdered curls, lifting up the delicate laces and frills with her dainty hands, and their ancient mother keeping a sharp look-out from the casement, and calling the colonel to order if she thought his compliments caused any pause in the business of the afternoon. Then they used to spin. What a graceful occupation that must have been."

In the story of *Poor Matt, or the Clouded Intellect*, there are passages which appeal to the deepest sympathies of the human heart; the little narrative is told with touching grace and tenderness, mingled with pure religious feeling. The title of another story, *The Ups and Downs of Life*, affords a key to its meaning. It is a simple tale of rural life, in the minute delineation of which the author excels, and her thorough appreciation of the extraordinary resignation of poverty evinced by the lower classes shows how minutely Miss Ingelow has studied human life in all its aspects:

"Their submission to inevitable poverty is wonderful; but when we see them extend the same indifference to proposals for improving their condition, if those proposals involve change, or personal exertion in some new form to the one they are accustomed to, long journeys or the necessity for consideration and thought, it is impossible not to feel that poverty, bringing with it, as it so often does, ignorance and dulness of intellect, is the greatest and most stubborn bar to its own removal.

"We know that 'the poor shall never cease out of the land;' but really, it does sometimes appear as if they themselves were bent upon keeping this prophecy constantly fulfilled. 'I have not a cake,' said the poor widow to Elijah, 'but an handful of meal in a barrel, and a bottle of oil in a cuse; and behold I am gathering two sticks, that I may go in and dress it for me and my son, that we may eat it, and die.'

"Here we have the very spirit and heart of hopeless poverty presented to us. The more absolute the need, the more passive the sufferer; and often, the wider the distress is spread abroad, the less is heard of repining, for this simple reason, that the sufferers dwell among many others no better off than themselves, and they come at last to regard their lot as the common one, and the natural heritage of humanity."

There are other stories conceived with true poetic fancy, and impressed with a good honest *morale*; they contain no artificially expressed sentiments, but honestly felt and plainly spoken pure and earnest thoughts. Leaving out *Muschachito Mio*, which is slighter than the others in scheme as well as proportions, there is a mode of thought and of treatment common to them all. Each is more or less sad, a tale of trial and self-denial; and in each is the same pure and elevated tone, the same earnest piety of that rare sort which is at once fervid and unaffected yet not aggressive, active and unrepressed yet never obtrusive or offensive—piety of that exquisite quality which goodness is not of itself enough to ensure, but whose existence the humility and trust of the Christian must be supplemented by something of the poet's large human sympathy. The poet's workmanship is indeed ever before us, but there is that perfect art which conceals all art and leaves only the impression of a narrative quite simple and unadorned. We should be at a loss to single out any one characteristic as constituting the essential or even a chief part of the charm,—the pervading thorough taste that would make a lapse impossible, the continual incidental little glimpses of the poet's insight which a hasty reader would run past all unsuspecting, the entire womanliness and tenderness, the perception of beauties under exteriors not merely homely but repulsive—these, and more qualities that come from a noble heart and elude our endeavor to mark them by words, are what combine in a charm too subtle for definition. Sometimes the sadness deepens into tragedy; sometimes the range of sympathy takes in what might be

pronounced commonplace and vulgar by that unsympathetic hardness which it would yet be unfair to call cynicism; sometimes—as especially in *Marked*, whose appearance here we regret on other accounts than that of its text—the connection of large parts of the story may seem remote; sometimes it seems that an incident might profitably have been more enforced or elaborated—yet it would be presumptuous for any but the most skilful hand to seek to better the fabric, and it is enough that among so many beauties the most microscopic churl might seek in vain for an essential blemish.

A choice between editions of so new a book is not usual. The one is from the same press with the magazine—whether *The Sunday Magazine* or *Good Words* we are uncertain—in which some, perhaps all, of the stories originally appeared; and it has the dainty beauty characteristic of all Mr. Strahan's books. The other, neat and attractive also, is that of the regular American publishers of Miss Ingelow's books, and forms a companion volume to those for which American readers have previously been indebted to them.

LIBRARY TABLE.

MEMORANDA of Persons, Places, Events, etc. By Andrew Jackson Davis. Boston: William White & Co.

—This is one of these rhapsodical and puzzling books the perusal of which leaves the mind in doubt whether the author is inspired or demented, a saint or a charlatan. We should hesitate very much indeed before applying to Mr. Davis any term so sharp as the latter, for the reason, apart from his books, that we have known of cause to believe him a philanthropic and well-intentioned man. To deceive for the mere sake of deceiving is not commonly the misdemeanor of natures such as we believe his to be, but there really seems so much that is childish, mystifying, and worthless in this volume that it is difficult to believe, when we remember what books the author has produced—whatever the circumstances actual or ostensible of their production—that either much brain or much integrity of purpose was employed in bringing these *Memoranda* forth. Whatever may be the true explanation of Mr. Davis's singular career and the true history of his curious literary works, we fail to see any satisfactory reason for the intellectual decadence which is observable between his earlier and later publications. Formerly he wrote in a manner that attracted the attention of savans all the world over. Whether they liked or disliked, applauded or ridiculed, believed in or scouted at, his writings, they looked into them and found something to at least attract masculine and experienced attention and enforce serious thought. But these volumes about the *Summer Land*, *Memoranda*, etc., are, we are sorry to say, puerile and unworthy of the writer's intellectual powers, to say nothing of his moral integrity. If Mr. Davis really has a mission—and we well know that there are thousands of earnest and worthy people who implicitly believe that he has—he would surely consult wisdom and benefit his fellow-beings by employing greater circumspection in putting forth these later books of his, lest their trivial and catchpenny air should shake the reputation he has already earned and undo the good which his disciples claim he has achieved. We believe in full, free, and independent expression for all religious as well as political convictions, and do not believe that spiritualism can be laughed or sneered down, or that it ought to be, since so many are persuaded of its truth, and honest conviction of any sort deserves to be treated with respect. But whether the doctrines of spiritualism be true or false, such books as this last one of Mr. Davis's are, we fear, more likely to bring them into discredit than a hundred times as much direct attack on the system they advocate, since they exhibit the leading prophets of the faith in a light so unfortunately calculated to attract ridicule and contempt.

Our Children in Heaven. By Wm. H. Holcombe, M.D. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1868.—Dr. Holcombe dates his preface from New Orleans, La. He adopts the Swedenborgian views of the Bible and theology, but not in a controversial spirit. In developing his theme, he finds the chief grounds for consolation and hope about "our children in heaven" from the revelations of the Swedish "Seer," whose descriptions of the future state are so clear and exact. A deeply religious and thoroughly trustful spirit pervades the volume. It is written, too, in a thoughtful as well as attractive style, with many of the graces of rhetoric. Its freedom from merely conventional and technical modes of thought and speech is not one of its least merits. Believers of almost any communion, though differing from the author on special points of doctrine and interpretation, will find new, refreshing, and elevating thoughts on the subject here discussed. The atmosphere is one of peace and assured hope. The volume is brought out by the publishers in excellent type, paper, and binding.

Nearing Home. Comforts and Counsel for the Aged. Compiled for the Presbyterian Board of Publication. Philadelphia. 1868.—An excellent selection, from some of the best religious writers of England, Scotland, and our own country, of materials, both in verse and prose, adapted to the consolation and the guidance of those in the decline of life

*I. A Sister's Bye-Hours. By Jean Ingelow. Boston: Roberts Bros. 1868.

II. A Sister's Bye-Hours. By the author of *Studies for Stories*. London: Strahan & Co.; New York: George Routledge & Sons. 1868.

who are looking forward with reverent trust to their future home in heaven. A spirit of trust and peace pervades all the extracts. It is printed in large type, on good paper, and makes a substantial volume.

Autobiography of Elder Jacob Knapp. With an Introductory Essay by R. Jeffery. New York: Sheldon & Co. 1868.—Elder Knapp, still living, has been a noted character in his day. He is of the Baptist persuasion, and has been one of the most noted of "revivalists." This entertaining autobiography shows him in all his strength and weakness. He was perfectly fearless, and even liked to encounter mobs, while he preached against intemperance, gambling, and slavery, in particular, as well as against sin in general. In New Haven he came into open collision with a band of students, and got the better of them. In Providence he was beset by rowdies, and got bail, which he regrets, because if he had gone right to jail he would "have been brought into closer sympathy with Paul and Silas." Once some plotters tried to get him out of his house at midnight on the pretence that "a person, some little distance off, was under deep conviction;" but Knapp told them to "tell the man that he must pray for himself or he would go right down to hell." He ends his book with the statements that he has baptized about 5,000 persons, preached 1,360 sermons, and received on an average five hundred dollars a year. About half of the volume is taken up with his writings, sermons, etc.

Ad Interim and Ad Outerm; or, Confidential Disclosures of State Secrets. By the Correspondents of The Alaska Refrigerator. 1868.—We have searched in vain through this volume for the slightest trace of wit or humor which should justify the waste of twenty-six pages of fair paper and decent type. The author has aimed at satire and achieved respectable stupidity. There is nothing very scurrilous and nothing very abusive, so that it fails to meet what seems to be the chief aim of American satire; while all the fun which a vivid sense of humor may extract from double-jointed rhymes and asthmatic puns is at the service of the reader. The author made one grand mistake: his book is not nearly filthy enough to please members of Congress, and entirely too dull to suit anybody else. He wisely published it anonymously, which is the only sign of wisdom we discover about him.

Transcript Pieces. By Frank Foxcroft. North Adams, Mass.: James T. Robinson & Co., Printers. 1868.—There is enough appreciation of metrical melody, enough command of poetic phraseology, in this little volume of verses by a boy of seventeen, who modestly confesses that "he is hardly to be dignified with the name of poet" to entitle him to more than the leniency he asks for. To be sure our most characteristically American poet (excepting, of course, Walt Whitman), Mr. Bryant, was only eighteen when he published his greatest work, *Thanatopsis*; but Mr. Foxcroft may be pardoned for not being Mr. Bryant, and if we fail to find in his unpretending little volume any promise of even a future *Thanatopsis*, there is much at least that is creditable to his age. Not every boy, possessed of Apollo, could sing in so graceful a metrical combination as this:

"On an island weird and lonely,
Haunted by the sea-birds only,
Dwelt a maiden
Long ago.

"Oft I sailed in search of gladness,
When my heart was filled with sadness,
Heavy laden
With its woe," etc.

The verses themselves don't mean much, and what they do mean has, perhaps, been better said before; but the verses of older bards sometimes mean less and are not often so artistically constructed. Mr. Foxcroft may congratulate himself on having done very early the very thing that most of his young countrymen and countrywomen do at a later period, and generally not nearly so well; and having so congratulated himself, let him read the history of Gifted Hopkins in Dr. Holmes's novel of *The Guardian Angel*. If, having studied that inimitable portrait thoroughly and mastered the moral it conveys, he should still think his to be the divine mission, we shall be as ready to tell him what we think of his maturer poems as of his youthful verses. But he must bear in mind that boyhood has exemptions and immunities which manhood loses, and that he must advance in art as in age in order to continue to merit the indulgence of the critics.

The Broadway for May is a number containing not a little valuable thought, and the selection and arrangement of the articles exhibit care and taste. Mr. Richard Grant White's paper, *The American View of the Copyright Question*, is one of sterling value, and is highly creditable to the magazine. The topic is just now undergoing one of its periodic revivals, and contributions to the discussion of a temperate, thoughtful, and scholarly character, such as this of Mr. White's decidedly is, are timely and sure to be widely attractive. We think it can be honestly claimed that *The Broadway* shows solid improvement as it progresses, the best possible sign for a future career of usefulness and profit.

The Month for April offers a table of contents of unexceptionable and unusual excellence. Of the seven articles which it comprises there is not one which is not entertaining; but the papers on *The Papal Zouaves*, on *The History of Galileo*, and *Memorials of H. B.*, are those we have read with the greatest interest. The Pope's defenders have been so uniformly regarded by admirers of Garibaldi in this

country and in England as the offscourings of creation, that it is quite odd to read in this account, by a London student who travelled with four hundred of them from Marseilles of Civita Vecchia, that many of the number were gentlemen of family and wealth. "Among them were the young Count de Maillé, the Marquis de Quatrebarbes, the Baron de la Bourdonnaie, de Surigny, de Riancy, etc. There were also two Irish gentlemen, and two Americans—one a captain in the Southern army, the other General Carrol Tevis, who had served during the Crimean war, and afterwards in the Northern army during the late American war. All these, without exception, were, like their humble companions, going out to serve as privates in the Pontifical army." On the other hand, the writer asserts that the absence of gentlemen among the Garibaldians was quite as noticeable, in accepting which statement we should perhaps make allowances for natural prejudice. But however this may be, no one, whatever his religious convictions, provided he has any, can deny to the Zouaves the admiration due to a devotion which is not the less admirable because it is so rare, or fail to agree with the writer of this article that "to call these men 'mercenaries' and 'cut-throats' is but the fanatical raving of dishonest opponents." The paper on Galileo essays to show, from official documents, that the astronomer's famous reservation, "*e pur si muove*," never, in fact, was uttered, and that he was not so badly treated after all. The article on *Folk Lore* gives some amusing instances of popular English and Irish superstitions. The third *Letter on Classical Education* is as able, good-tempered, and courteous as its predecessors, and the entire number is the best of this magazine, and one of the best of any magazine, we have read for many a day.

THE much announced *London Student* makes its appearance with the April numbers of the monthlies. Its editors are Prof. J. R. Seeley, of University College, London; Dr. Headland, professor of Materia Medica at Charing Cross Medical College, and Mr. J. W. Hales; the contents of the first number, which indicate the scope of the new magazine, are *A Plea for More Universities*, by Prof. Seeley; *Pre-Raphaelite Poetry and Painting*, Part I: *The Germ*, by the Rev. J. B. Payne; *The University of Berlin*, by the Rev. P. Magnus, B.Sc. B.A., Lond.; *Compulsory School Attendance*, by Prof. Jack, Owens College, Manchester; *Experimental Science the Basis of General Education*, by Prof. Williamson, University College, London; *Letter from Cambridge*.

WE have received the first three numbers of a somewhat similar publication, *The Student and Intellectual Observer*, also published in London, and apparently a transformation of *The Intellectual Observer*, which has been issued, we believe, for some six years. We are, we think, within bounds in pronouncing this the handsomest of the magazines which the Old World sends to the New. Each number has two beautifully printed and brilliantly colored plates, in addition to which good wood-cuts afford all the illustration necessary. We can best give the range of this also by transcribing the contents of its April number: *Turacine, a New Animal Pigment Containing Copper*, by Professor Church, M.A., Royal Agricultural College; *Womankind: In all Ages of Western Europe, The Women of Teutonic Mythology and Romance*. Chap. II. By Thomas Wright, F.S.A.; *Variations of Animals and Plants under Domestication; A Day in the Vicinity of Simon's Town, South Africa*, by Captain G. E. Bulger, F.L.S., F.R.G.S., C.M.Z.S.; *Holothuria, or Sea-Cucumbers*, by the Rev. W. Houghton, M.A., F.L.S.; *A Fungus in Teak*, by Henry J. Slack, F.G.S., Sec. R.M.S.; *Astronomical Notes for April*, by W. T. Lynn, B.A., F.R.A.S.; *The Nacet Rotating Stage for the Microscope; Notes from Professor Huxley's Lectures at the College of Surgeons*, by E. Ray Lankester; *On the New Theories in Chemistry*, by F. S. Barff, M.A. Cantab., F.C.S., assistant to Professor Williamson, F.R.S., University College. No. II.; *New Chimney for Microscope Lamps*. Mr. Lynn's *Astronomical Notes* are a permanent feature, and in like manner we find in each number notes on archaeological, astronomical, chemical, medical subjects, etc., and notices of new works on subjects germane to *The Student*. Its field, it will be seen, is pretty strictly a scientific one, the articles most popular in subject and treatment being the very learned and interesting consecutive papers on *Womankind* by Mr. Wright. The magazine, in fine, is one of a grade for whose support in this country no adequate clientele could be secured except at an excessive subscription price; so that we can commend it strongly to the examination of American scientific men.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

- ORANGE JUDD & CO., New York.—*The Variation of Animals and Plants under Domestication*. By Charles Darwin, M.A., F.R.S., etc. 2 vols. Illustrated. Vol. I, Pp. x., 494; Vol. II, viii., 568.
E. P. DUTTON & CO., Boston.—*Sermons*. By H. P. Liddon, M.A. Pp. x., 291. 1868.
TICKNOR & FIELDS, Boston.—*Farming for Boys*. Illustrated. Pp. ix., 286. 1868.
The Butterfly Hunters. By Helen S. Conant. Illustrated. Pp. vi., 167. 1868.
New Poems. By Owen Meredith. In 2 vols. Vol. I, Pp. vii., 507; Vol. II, v., 518. 1868.
A. DANA & CO., Boston.—*The Inner Mystery: An Inspirational Poem*. By Lizzie Doten. Pp. 34. 1868.
PRESBYTERIAN PUBLICATION SOCIETY, Philadelphia.—*The Ancient Schoolmaster*. By Rev. Wm. M. Blackburn. Pp. 180.
The Broken Window, and Other Stories. Pp. 216.
Fern's Hollow. Pp. 244.

CLAXTON, REMSEN & HAFELFINGER, Philadelphia.—*Vulgarisms and Other Errors of Speech, including a Chapter on Taste, and one containing Examples of Bad Taste*. Pp. x., 194. 1868.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO., Philadelphia.—*History of Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy*. By John Foster Kirk. In 3 vols. Vol. I, Pp. x., 615; Vol. II, iv., 543; Vol. III, viii., 555. 1868.

PAMPHLETS.

T. B. PETERSON & BROS., Philadelphia.—*Somebody's Luggage*. By Charles Dickens. Pp. 86.

A Message from the Sea. By the same. Pp. 74.

The Monastery. By Sir Walter Scott. Pp. 121.

The Abbot. By the same. Pp. 130.

HURD & HOUGHTON, New York.—*American Edition of Dr. Wm. Smith's Dictionary of the Bible*. Part X. Pp. 1,009 to 1,120.

We have received the Sixty-second Anniversary Celebration of the New England Society.

We have also received current numbers of *The Christian Examiner*, New York; *The Philadelphia Photographer*; *The Ladies' Repository*, Cincinnati; *The Sunday-School Teacher*, Chicago; *The American Naturalist*, Salem.

TABLE-TALK.

KAULBACH'S famous cartoon of "The Era of the Reformation," which we believe has been purchased by an American gentleman, and is now on exhibition at the gallery on the corner of Fifth Avenue and Fourteenth Street, surely no lover of art will miss the opportunity of seeing. It is the original of the last and greatest of the six great frescoes wherewith the foremost of living German painters has been occupied for twenty years in adorning the staircase of the Museum at Berlin. The work is executed entirely in charcoal, and the delicacy with which the light and shade are managed is not less wonderful than the striking degree of expression and character that the artist has contrived to infuse into the various faces. The conception is singularly grand, and the execution evinces the most dexterous manipulation, and a perfect mastery of all the technical resources of the art. To the professional eye, perhaps, the most interesting feature of the picture is the skill and correctness with which the difficulties of the climbing perspective (the figures are arranged on the steps of what seems to be an immense minster) are overcome, but the lay spectator will be chiefly struck by the grace of the posing and the admirable variety in the grouping of the figures, which are over eighty in number, and comprise all the leading and shaping spirits of that most stirring and romantic age. On the globe that Michael Behaim invented, Columbus points out the new, strange lands beyond the sun to a goodly auditory—to Paracelsus, the physician; Bacon, the philosopher; Sebastian Münster, the geographer, and Leonard Fuchs, the botanist. Here is Shakespeare side by side with Dante and Petrarch and Cervantes; Rafael and Leonardo da Vinci and Michael Angelo; Calvin and Melancthon, Copernicus and Galileo and Tycho Brahe; Elizabeth and Gustavus Vasa—the painters, the warriors, the poets, and the priests that smote and swayed the trembling world. High on the topmost step is Luther upholding the Book; on the lowest, in the immediate foreground, sits Hans Sachs, the cobbler-poet, and hammers out his laborious rhyme. No description can begin to do justice to this extraordinary work, which has been well said to be the distillation of a thousand volumes; even as a portrait gallery of the age of the Reformation it would be of the greatest value. Certainly no American painter has ever given us anything like it. Leutze's historical performances are the perfect tailor-work of painting; and in the remarkable adornments of the Capitol scarcely the most fervid patriotism can take any great comfort. To our artists, therefore, the study of such a picture cannot be otherwise than useful; and we cordially commend the project, if we understand it rightly, of making it the nucleus of a great national gallery and academy of design.

WESTERN cities are beginning to push the old book-making centres pretty closely. One indication of impending changes was afforded by the appearance of a journal of the *Publishers' Circular* description in Chicago, and the promise of another from New Orleans. In the matter of printing, especially, the improvement has of late been especially marked. We have had frequent occasion to mention admirable specimens of typography from San Francisco and Cincinnati, and we have just now before us a pamphlet from the press of Messrs. Robert Clarke & Co., of the latter city, of whose beauty we remain within bounds when we say that it is surpassed not merely by nothing we have seen from the best Boston, New York, or Philadelphia presses, but that, in simple elegance, it is not inferior to the finest workmanship of London or Edinburgh—France and Germany being entirely out of the question in the matter of beautiful printing. The pamphlet, of which but 175 copies are printed, is entitled *An Appeal to the Public in Behalf of Camera, a Young Lady, who was almost Ruined by the Barbarous Treatment of Her Own Mother*—being a reprint of one printed in London in 1781, with the prefatory statement that "the following piece appeared in *The Edinburgh Evening Post*," and that as "it bears a lively resemblance to the manner of the late admirable Dean Swift, and contains some striking allegorical passages, it is hoped that it will afford the Reader some rational entertainment." The anagram in "Camera" is so obvious as scarcely to need the companion piece of her "eldest sister Lerinda" to suggest the nature of the allegory, which will doubtless justify the hope expressed in the preface, provided "the reader" has escaped being satiated with "striking allegorical passages" after the manner of Dean Swift. But aside from its merits for a half hour's amusement, or whatever value it has as a

historical curiosity, its beauty alone should make it prized by its one hundred and seventy-five fortunate possessors. Lastly, Chicago has within a fortnight produced—in addition to a promising literary weekly, of a somewhat light character, but entirely original, meritorious both in conception and performance, and unpleasantly entitled *The Chicagoan*—an *Illustrated News*, whose appearance is at least equal to that of any illustrated weekly we have had in this country. The printing and drawing are admirably done, the latter largely by Mr. Thomas Nast, who, we understand, is to contribute to this sheet solely, but who can scarcely "last" at his present tremendous rate of production, there being five of his designs, and pretty large ones, in the first two numbers, characterized withal by the artist's radicalism and his peculiar mannerisms—of both of which the public is in danger of becoming tired. His picture, in the first number, of "Mr. C—s D—s and the Honest Little Boy" has the merit, unusual in pictures of its kind, of being really funny. Mr. Dickens, sumptuously arrayed, blazing with jewelry, and carrying a travelling-bag, whose inscription denotes that it contains \$100,000 of "American Notes, Greenbacks," is arrested on his way on board ship by the hail of the honest little boy; who, shouting, "Hello, Mister! Look a here! You've dropped suthin," bears aloft an immense letter H. Of the padding we cannot always speak in terms of praise, but it may be fairly said that the general level is decidedly above what one has a right to expect from so new a journal in so difficult a field. At all events we hope that all these Western manifestations of literary activity are to be followed by permanent and substantial fruits.

WILD VIOLETS.

THEY are the very same that grew
In the wood where a child I strayed—
Petals bordered with pearly blue,
Deepening inward to purple shade;
Oh! how sweetly their clusters hung
Over the green of the tufted moss,
Where the boughs of the elm tree flung
Shadows down, with their wave and toss.

Something of freshness across my heart
Cometh back with the breath they give:
Memories, many a one, upstart,
Thoughts that had well-nigh ceased to live;
And I walk through the haunts of eld,
Linked by the ties that death unbound,
Then with a spirit sorrow-spell'd
Stand by a lonely burial mound.

All the faces I used to see
Rise before me and smile again;
All of those who were dear to me
Love me now as they loved me then;
Eyes whose light in my heart sank deep,
Deeper than light again may reach,
Look on me from their broken sleep,
Look on me with the soul's full speech.

Ye are fading, O Violets!
But the whispers that ye renew,
Softened and touched by sad regrets,
Are not things to depart with you;
Tones they have that must linger still,
Touching the soul's Eolian string,
Though the breath that awoke their thrill,
Dies away with the smile of spring. M. A. M. C.

NORTH POINT, Milwaukee.

A PICTURE sale which will attract no little attention is that of the collection of the late Mr. A. M. Cozzens, which is announced by Messrs Leavitt, Streibigh & Co. to take place on the 20th of May. The collection comprises pictures of singular merit and some that are highly interesting as being the earlier efforts of American artists who have since become famous. Mr. Cozzens was very proud of his pictures and took great pains in collecting and preserving them. As is affirmed by the auctioneers, "his Coles, Church, Durand, Kensetts, Huntingtons, Sully, Stuarts, Inmans, Cropseys, Pine, Hicks, Mount, Woodville, Edmonds, Leutzes, Leslie, Doughtys, Weir, Whittredge, etc., etc., were esteemed by Mr. Cozzens to be unsurpassed, if equalled, by any other works of those celebrated painters."

MESSRS. J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co. have in press: *Speeches on Various Questions of Public Policy*, by John Bright, edited, with the assistance of the author, by Prof. Rogers, Oxford University; *Greater Britain: a Record of Travels in English-speaking Countries*, by C. Wentworth Dilke; *Among the Arabs*; *Adventures from Life*, by G. Naphegyi, M.D.; *Half-hours with the Telescope*, a popular guide to the use of the telescope as a means of amusement and instruction, by R. A. Proctor, B.A., F.R.A.S.; *Pizarro and the Conquest of Peru*, by Arthur Helps; *The Mission of St. Francis of Sales*, by Lady Herbert of Lea; a new edition of *The Imitation of Christ* (four books), by Thomas à Kempis; *Horace Wilde*, a novel, by Mrs. M. Jeanie Mallory. They will also publish very soon: *Old Deccan Days*, or *Hindoo Fairy Legends current in Southern India*, collected from oral tradition, by M. Frere, with an introduction and notes by Sir Bartle Frere; *Gleanings from the English Poets from Chaucer to Tennyson*, chronologically arranged, with biographical notices of the authors; complete editions of *Robinson Crusoe* and *Sanford and Merton*; and an edition of *The Pilgrim's Progress*, with a memoir of Bunyan, and replete with notes by Rev. James Inglis; *Burns's Poetical Works and Letters*, with copious marginal explanations of the Scotch words, and containing the recently discovered stanzas of *The Vision* and the *Song of the Ruined Farmer*; and *Lives of the English Cardinals, including Historical Notices of the Papal Court, from Nicholas Breakspere (Pope Adrian*

IV.) to Thomas Wolsey, Cardinal Legate, by Folkestone Williams, author of *The Court and Times of James I.*

MESSRS. GEORGE W. CARLETON & Co. will shortly publish in book form the whole of the excellent translation of Madame George Sand's novel, *Mademoiselle Merquem*, which is in course of publication as a serial in *The Week*. The novel has just been finished in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* and will be concluded in *The Week* in a few more numbers. Pending its publication in Paris, but more especially since it has been finished, *Mademoiselle Merquem* has attracted much attention, some of the critics ranking it above *Consuelo* and other romances from the same distinguished hand. In its completed form we have little doubt that the English version will be widely read. Not only as an intellectual effort, but even as regards the spirit and variety of its action, and decidedly in its subtle analysis of character, this new French novel is a far abler production than most of the current stories of society of the modern English school.

PROF. BOISE, of the University of Chicago, describes in *The University Chronicle*, the journal of the students of the University of Michigan, a visit he made to Lord Byron's "Maid of Athens." The visit was made at the Piræus, in 1851, and the portions of Prof. Boise's note which describe the lady are as follows:

"Mrs. Black—for such was the rather unpoetic name of the 'Maid of Athens' at the time when I saw her—appeared to be about fifty years old (if I may presume to conjecture the age of a lady). One could easily imagine that she might have been beautiful when thirty years younger. Her features were peculiarly Grecian; regular and well proportioned, with forehead sufficiently high, black and penetrating eyes, aquiline nose, and a pretty mouth and chin. At that time it was not the fashion for ladies to have ears and cheeks as now; so I cannot speak of these features; but the hair which concealed them was black and glossy. Her form was still erect and graceful, and a little above the medium height. Her manner was every way kind and pleasing, although she conversed very little; owing partly, as I fancied, to the consciousness that she was the object of special curiosity, but chiefly to the fact that she was engrossed with the care of her husband, who was suffering from a slow fever. It seemed quite proper that the 'Maid of Athens' having become celebrated through a Scotchman, should at length accept a Scotchman for a husband. Mr. Black was a man of culture, and a professor in the military academy in Piræus. Such is my somewhat indistinct recollection of a call on the 'Maid of Athens.'"

CAPTAIN M. F. MAURY—we are not sure of the title—has received the honor of a LL.D. from Cambridge University.

THE REV. JAMES M'COSH, LL.D., Professor of Mental Philosophy in Queen's College, Belfast, formerly of the Free Church, Scotland, has been elected President of Princeton College, in the room of President Maclean, who resigned some months since.

MR. D. B. SHIRROD, of Mississippi, is laboring to secure the endowment of a national institution for the blind, in which provision will be made both for the higher education of persons thus unfortunately afflicted, and—which seems to be the part of the plan he has most immediately at heart—the publication of a copious library printed in the raised letters which are their only means of access to books. Mr. Shirrod has the co-operation of Dr. Howe, President Barnard of Columbia College, and a number of eminent persons; and the scheme, whose prominent feature at present is the securing of a number of permanent annual subscriptions, is one which should receive all possible encouragement. So far as we can see, the object is one for which permanent state endowments might be asked with perfect propriety and with some confidence.

TO BETTINA.

NE'er have I met upon life's wide arena
A maid in whom so many graces meet!
With all true charms of womanhood replete
Art thou, as flowers with fragrance, fair Bettina!
Not e'en in loveliest dreams have I e'er seen a
Form more transcendent, or a face more sweet,
Reflecting those sweet thoughts that have their seat
Within thy breast, and sway thy whole demeanor.
If thou hadst lived in times of old, I woe a
Knight would have battled to the death for thee;
Myself, for thy sake, would full fain have been a
Doer of doughty deeds of chivalry:
Nay, such thy virtues and thy charms, that e'en a
King had been proud thy chosen one to be.

W. L. SHOEMAKER.

MR. T. WESTWOOD's *Quest of the Sangreal* seems to have established its author's place among the poets, if we may judge from the concurrent testimony of all the criticism we have seen. He "has in him," we read, "the making of a true poet; he is entire master of a wide range of poetic diction; and, with an ear well tuned to all the melodies of verse, he sings sparkling, dainty music full of strength and beauty, not unworthy of Tennyson himself." The comparison is an inevitable one, for not only is the subject akin to that of the *Idylls*, but so also, to judge from citations, are the tone and style, while the metre is the same. Thus, in the first of the six cantos through which the knights push their quest of the Holy Graal, until Sir Galahad and his followers obtain the vision, we have this picture:

"The snowdrop pierced the snow; with belts of fire
The crocus lit the borders; spring o'er ran
The earth, fleet-footed, till the white-thorn bush
Broke into milky blossom of the May.
Queen Guenevere, with absent eyes, and cheeks
Love-pallid, paced her pleasure to and fro,
And twisted posies of red gillyflowers,
Pansies, and purple-globed anemones—
Then tossed them from her in a storm of sighs."

Here is Sir Evelake's entrance in the fight:

"So Evelake, with his mighty men of war,
His spearmen and his footmen in array,

Swept through the city gates; and lo! the sun
Hung crimson in the skies, and all the land
Lay reeking-red, as bathed in seas of blood.
With blare of trumpets and a stormy clash
Of cymbals, the two hosts, in headlong charge,
Met, and the rebel cohorts broke the van
Of Evelake's guards, and with tumultuous press
Beset the king, and strove to bear him down."

And here Sir Lancelot meets a siren, and

—"at his feet he saw
A white-limbed maiden, fair as lily grown
In a god's garden. On her shoulders bare,
And ivory breast half-veiled, the sunshines-fell
Gracious and golden, laughed in her blue eyes,
And dallied in the dimples of her cheek.
With subtle smile she drew Sir Lancelot down
Beside her knee, and whispered in his ear—
Pointed with level finger to the land,
And thrilled him with the passion of her glance."

In *The Sword of Kingship*, a shorter poem in the same volume, occurs this even more Tennysonian passage, descriptive of the blameless king's drawing the sword, as God's elect prince, at the Primate's command:

"In that sudden glory men were 'ware
That, from their station by the altar side,
Anvil and stone had vanished like a dream.
Then swift emotion shook the hearts of all,
Half awe and half remorse; and with a sound
Of seas that surge, and sweep o'er shingly shores,
A tumult grew and spread, and broke at length
Into a vehement shout, 'Long live the King!
Long live King Arthur!' from ten thousand throats,
Not one dissentient. Through the minister doors
The uproar burst, and filled the streets, and ran
Like wildfire through the town—beyond the town—
For, as the lightning speeds from cloud to cloud,
So sped the gladness through the length and breadth
Of England, till its every corner rang
With universal shouts of jubilee.
And the wind swept the shoutings out to sea,
And pale the Vikings' ruddy cheeks with fear,
And drove their black barks home to Norway.
So Arthur won King Uther's crown and throne."

We wish very much that somebody would republish the book in this country. Not only because of the merits of the poem, or because the legend is one of those that never grows old and cannot be too often told. But the fact is that, on purely selfish grounds, we desire greater popular enlightenment on this particular subject. A friend explained to us the other day his chagrin at the confession of an acquaintance, a person regarded with some envy in Wall Street and of very respectable position there, that he did not remember having ever heard of *Don Quixote*, and did not know whether it was a man, or a book, or an opera—a statement which we might have received with entire incredulity, had it not been for the very queer evidences we have had of the absence in many quarters of any notion of the significance of the title of this journal. We have been gravely counselled to alter the name to *The Centre Table*, by way of allusion to its location in the metropolis, although the critic in question abandoned his position when the nature of the Round Table was described, and expressed his pleasure at learning about it. A writer introduced himself to us the other day in the note accompanying his MS. with the unusual quotation about the feast of reason and the flow of soul at our "festive board," with various compliments to the "host." A journal in a Southern city—intending eulogy, which was the joke of it—mentioned, after various laudations, that *The Round Table* was the favorite organ of the metropolitan Bohemians, and that its title was in allusion to the little tables in vogue in a famous beer saloon on Broadway frequented by its clientele. In like manner a religious contemporary, not actuated, however, by benevolent motives, yet evidently knowing no better, explained that the appellation had been selected as an assertion of the journal's claim to be always found in a lady's boudoir (*boudoir* being spelled in some queer manner that we cannot recall)—and so on, indefinitely, if it were worth while to multiply instances. In fact, they are nearly as numerous and as ludicrous as such misstatements as that of an evening contemporary which asserted, and afterward corrected, but not before the assertion had travelled uncorrected over the country, that we advocated the re-establishment of the duello; or that of *The Pittsburg Christian Advocate*, which, with apparently kind intentions, attributed to us the other day the preposterous absurdity of thinking, with regard to Easter, that "the extinction of the festival could only result beneficially." Wherefore, to return whence we set out, we welcome with especial interest any addition to the poetry of the Round Table and only desire to see it popularized in this country—not that its heroes may displace the Pius Aeneas and Crest-Tossing Hector to whom our classical friends cling with such ardent affection, but that they may, for the present, be admitted on an equal footing with Sinbad and Red Riding Hood, and that, for the future, the legends may be found sufficiently numerous by the scholars of some later century to be compacted, in the manner of the *Iliad* or the *Kalevala*, into an English epic of chivalry.

A BREMEN correspondent of *The Methodist*, of New York, enumerates the books published in Germany last year. They numbered 9,855—nearly a thousand more than in 1866, and much more, we imagine, than have ever been published in any one country during a similar period. Of their subjects the following is the division: on philosophy, 85 works; theology, 1,365; jurisprudence, politics, and statistics, 920; medicine and veterinary science, 493; natural sciences, 575; education, gymnastics, etc., 932; juvenile literature, 228; ancient classics, Oriental languages, etc., 470; modern languages

and the old German, 320; history, biography, memoirs, etc., 648; geography, 249; mathematics and astronomy, 119; military science, 272; industrial science, 330; architecture and machinery, 168; hunting, mining, etc., 86; agriculture, 245; *belles-lettres* studies, 852; the fine arts, stenography, etc., 397; and atlases and similar works, 234. Considering the figures in several of these departments, together with the well-known thoroughness and erudition of German work, what is to be said of systems of education that leave them sealed to American students by an unknown tongue?

The new number of *The Contemporary Review* has this story of Charles Matthews:

"Charles Matthews the elder was once riding to or from some assize town, in a stage-coach, in company with Theodore Hook (?), when a north-country farmer was annoying the company in some way. Matthews urged him to desist—in vain, for the bumpkin went on 'bully-ragging' in fine Yorkshire style. 'I wouldn't hold my tongue for nobody,' cried he, 'not if the great Baron Hullock (a judge of the day) and Mister Bruffum (Henry Brougham) was in the carriage.' Matthews leaned over to him, tapped his knee, and said in a mysterious whisper, 'Hush! my dear sir; hush! I am Baron Hullock, and the gentleman next to me is Mr. Brougham.' This was enough. The farmer put his head out of the window, and shouted to the driver, 'Stop, stop the coach! Let me out! I am no fit company for the great Baron Hullock and Mr. Bruffum! Let me out, I say.' And get out the man did, to the great relief of his fellow-passengers."

M. THIERS, when in 1864 he was awarded by the French Academy the biennial imperial prize of 20,000 francs for his *History of the Consulate and the Empire*, restored the sum to the Academy, desiring that its interest might triennially be given as a prize for the best historical work of the preceding three years. M. Guizot accordingly submitted last month the committee's—MM. Guizot, Villemain, de Montalembert, Prince Albert de Broglie, Saint-Marc Girardin—first report awarding the 3,000 francs to M. Marius Topin for his *Europe and the Bourbons under Louis XIV.*

MR. SWINBURNE has written a poem, of considerable length, for the next number of *Lippincott's Magazine*.

MR. WILLIAM MORRIS's *Jason* was but the first part, as all its readers will be delighted to learn, of an elaborate work, on which its author is diligently engaged in his two-fold capacity of author and artist. The first part, comprehending

the *Jason*, is now being prepared for publication, and will be followed by a large series of designs on wood, to number some three hundred and fifty, about fifty of which are already executed.

MR. JOHN STUART MILL is preparing for republication his father's *Analysis of the Phenomena of the Human Mind*, to which he and others are adding copious annotations.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

For convenience of reference, correspondents of this department are desired to arrange questions in distinct slips from answers, and to attach to each of the latter the number prefixed to the query whereto it refers.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

(54).—The following article has appeared in *The New York Evening Post*, during the month of April, and as it contains a serious mistake I trust you will publish a correction of one or more of its statements:

To the Editors of *The Evening Post*:

The following Anacreontic gem has, I am confident, never been published. It was kindly furnished to me when I was in England, in 1865, by an American gentleman (Mr. Gould, a brother of Judge Gould, of Troy), who has resided for many years in London. He informed me that it was the joint offspring of the muses of Thomas Moore, Samuel Rogers, and John Kenyon, modestly adding that he himself had aided in a small degree in its composition. It was written, he told me, at the dinner-table of Rogers, amid the flow and sparkle of the "pink champagne," when Mr. Gould was present with the illustrious poets I have named, as guests of Rogers.

Very truly yours,

A. R. DYETT.

BROOKLYN, February 11, 1868.

Lilies on liquid roses floating,
So floats the foam on pink champagne;
Fain would I join such pleasant boating,
And tempt you ruby main,
And float away on wine.

Those seas are dangerous, greybeards swear,
Whose sea-beach is the goblet's brim;
And true it is they drown old Care.
But what care we for him,
If we may float on wine?

Old Time shall smoothe away each wrinkle,
Bright garlands round his scythe shall twine,
The sand from out his glass shall sprinkle,
And fill it up with wine,
With rosy, sparkling wine.

Thus hours shall pass which no man reckons,
With us who, mad with mirth divine,

See not the shadowy hand that beckons
Across the sea of wine,
Of rosy, sparkling wine.

Old Charon's self shall make him mellow,
Then gently row his boat from shore,
While we, and every jovial fellow,
Shall hear, unmoved, the car
That dips itself in wine!

What appears to be a much preferable version had, however, appeared in print in Mary Russell Mitford's *Recollections of a Literary Life* (New York: Harper & Brothers, 1852). On page 382 she writes: "The spirited and original Anacreontic, entitled *Champagne Rose*, was composed under very peculiar circumstances. Having improvised, while looking at the bubbles upon a glass of pink champagne, the exceedingly happy line that begins the song, Mr. Kenyon was challenged to complete it on the spot. He undertook to do so within twenty minutes, and accomplished his task as very few beside himself could have done!"

"Lily on liquid roses floating—
So floats yon foam o'er pink champagne—
Fain would I join such pleasant boating
And prove that ruby main,
Floating away on wine!

"Those seas are dangerous, greybeards swear,
Whose sea-beach is the goblet's brim;
And true it is they drown old Care.
But what care we for him,
So we but float on wine?

"And true it is they cross in pain
Who sober cross the Stygian ferry;
But only make our Stryx Champagne,
And we shall cross right merry,
Floating away on wine!

"Old Charon's self shall make him mellow,
Then gently row his boat from shore;
While we, and every jovial fellow,
Hear unconcerned the car
That dips itself in wine!"

It will be noticed that Mr. Dyett's version consists of five stanzas instead of four; and there are throughout, in his rendering, verbal changes which are not improvements.

The only important question is, whether Kenyon wrote the poem alone, or was aided by Moore, Rogers, and Mr. Gould. If the earlier version be the right one, Mr. Dyett's friend certainly has not improved the poem by his additions. If the five verses represent the original form the reduction to four verses was as happy a thought as ever poet had. If positive proof be wanting, we must confess a disbelief in the supposition that the third verse in the Mitford version was written after the fourth.

Boston, April 23.

W. H. W.

(55).—Can you inform me in what magazine or periodical, of any sort, I can find any of those inimitable sketches by the late Fitz-James O'Brien, beside *The Diamond Lens* and *The Mystery*? Yours, A. W.

From Seas of Flowers, larger than the
largest water lilies, and white as snow, ascends on the evening air of the tropics the rarest perfume that ever ravished the senses. The flowers are of the species *Cereus Grandiflora*, and Phalon and Son's Extract of 'FLOR DE MAYO' is charged with their peerless aroma, the most delicious under the sun.

A HORSE OR CART.

A cart the horse will draw,
He stands ahead the cart,
But some reverse this law,
Cart draws the horse at start.

That medicine will act
Upon the stomach too,
'Tis false, it is not fact,
As I will prove to you.

For medicine is dead,
In stomach gains no life;
'Tis chaos, same as lead,
In father, child, or wife.

Emetic swallow down,
The drug don't vomit you,
You spew it up around,
'Tis plain as it is true.

A mote is in your eye,
It has no action there,
But tears will flow, you cry,
You wash it out with care.

The drug your system hates,
She washes it along
Unto the outer gates,
Rejects it as a wrong.

A dead man's mouth turns in
A Physic sharp and strong;
If it will act, you win;
If not, admit you're wrong.

Live systems act upon
Dead drugs. Dead pills, you see.
In hatred she responds,
Drives out the enemy.

But food, her friend, she greets,
Man eats it with a will,
While drugs, however sweet,
Men loathe, yet drink them still.

If men could understand
What Idols they obey,
No drugs throughout the land
Between men's lips find way.

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All physical pain arises from inflammation; put out the fire and pain cannot exist. Therefore, continue the application after the pain is gone, for latent inflammation still exists, especially in all chronic cases. It is not only a certain remedy for mankind, but for all the animal creation. A brute will shun heat and seek relief from inflammation and pain by walking into the water; this ought to teach us the folly of using heating or blistering preparations. It is perfectly adapted, for man or beast, for all pain; it permanently cures the worst ulcers, piles, most malignant can-

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